

# STUDENT REVIEW

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## This Week in Review

A weary pilgrim—  
*Religion*, page 3

Tension: liberal  
democracy &  
revelation in Utah  
politics  
—*Focus*, page 4

Diseased dreadlocks  
here in River City—  
*Campus Life*, page 6

So you want to be a  
towel girl?  
—*Sports*, page 9

Goethe on reptilian  
statuary  
—*Opinion*, page 11

Ed Geary on  
Mosiah Blackson &  
Greasewood Gully  
—*Arts & Leisure*,  
page 14

Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

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## Advertising Director's Note:

# What I Learned at BYU

MOST OF WHAT I really need to know about how to live and what to do I learned in kindergarten.... But the rest I am learning here at BYU. Robert Fulgham's sage poem dealing with the mysteries of life discovered during the sandbox years inspired this, my re-evaluation of the origin of truth and harmony, so you may want to grab a copy of Fulgham's work and follow along.

Wisdom just might be at the top of the graduate school mountain, but the sandbox is still more fun. Anyhow, this is the rest of what I really need to know about how to live and what to do that I learned here at BYU: share everything, because someone will borrow it while you're gone anyway. Play fair, or standards will kick you out of the gym (especially if you don't have your ID card pinned to your

shirt right next to your lunch money). Put things back where you found them so that nobody will know where to look.

Clean up your own mess, because oatmeal turns carnivorous after six days on the counter. Don't take things that aren't yours, unless your ward is really righteous and practices the law of consecration. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody so that all of his or her friends won't hate you as well. Wash your hands before you eat, and if one of your roommates cooks their famous dish that they learned on their mission, wash them after as well. Flush, especially when you come home after everyone else is asleep. Taco salad is good for you!

Live a balanced life—learn something in your health class, think some about the Universe,

draw on the powers of heaven, play your stereo real loud when it's late (or early), paint and sing and dance and work some, so you can pass your humanities class, and take a nap every Sunday afternoon after you re-organize your Franklin Planner during the high counselor's talk on morality.

When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic—please watch out for traffic! Don't hold hands, otherwise the ward will gossip about you. Stick together, and be aware of the wonder that you are wondering about being aware of.

Well, that's the list. I figure that after I finish my time here at BYU I will have to take a refresher course in kindergarten so that I don't annoy and offend everyone that I come across during the rest of my life. Before I can worry about that, however, I have to worry

about how I can get out of my Biology class in the Joseph Smith Building Auditorium because the multitudes of sheep outside are fighting their way in before we can get out of their way. Gee, I wonder what would happen if I yelled "fire!" No, I don't think Mr. Fulgham would approve of me if I did that. Besides, I'm in too good of a mood after my Book of Mormon class with Dr. Nibley. You know, it's amazing how happy we are when we think about how the other guy feels once in a while!

Kyle  
Burdette

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Another Peace Symposium is nigh upon arrival, alas. As has been the case with previous symposia, this year's addition promises to be an exercise in insularity: "Peace" will be represented as the exclusive concern of those who occupy one end of the political spectrum.

This is especially unfortunate this year, as the organizers of the 1990 Symposium have had an opportunity to open the proceedings to other voices. For a year and a half I have extended an invitation to Dr. Eugene England to have a public debate on matters of war and peace: after a recent meeting of the Response club I reiterated the invitation, and I was of the impression that Dr. England approved of the idea.

However, I have contacted those in charge of obtaining speakers for the symposium, and they have expressed reluctance to include a debate among this year's activities. This is odd, as previous symposia have included debates. Such debates have often been the only means whereby reasonably conservative opinions on political matters could make their presence felt in the annual event.

William Norman Grigg

Dear Editor:

I am finally "provoked" into comment (thank you, Joanna Brooks, for your article on the purpose of journalism in general and SR in particular). Two things: Wymount Terrace and Utah Mormons.

To a newspaper that prides itself on its concern with Third World problems (hunger, poverty, discrimination and etc.), your persistent jibes at the struggling married students at BYU are inconsistent with your professed concerns. You love to display your knowledge of world problems and chide others for their lack of awareness, yet you seem blind to the needs of those in your own backyard. Actually, blindness would be preferable to the open ridicule and derision aimed at the Wymount Terrace families. Is the desire to get an education and provide a better life for your family a crime? Is being married or having children a crime? Is lack of money for grocery bills a crime? Is being hungry a crime? Would you laugh at a big-bellied Ethiopian child, dying of

hunger? Wake up, grow up, or both.

As to your continual assaults on Utah Mormons, can't you think of something new? Particularly pitiful was Tammi Tortryte's attempt to jump on the Slam-Utah-Mormons-Bandwagon. Her inability to make any kind of point (she begins by stereotyping and criticizing the Utahns; turns around in the last paragraphs to declare that she "doesn't label people as much as I used to," and finally ends up by whining about being stereotyped herself as a Californian) seems to indicate that she missed the bandwagon entirely. Better luck next time.

To me, being a "provocative" newspaper does not mean simply being effective at creating anger in others, but it means producing work that is creative and original and which causes people to think and to question. Neither of these tiresomely recurring topics is original or interesting in the slightest.

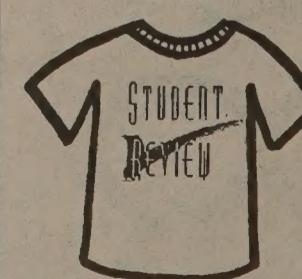
Linda Pugmire

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## Staff Notes

*Staff Person of the Issue* • David Marshall jumped in and took over a large portion of the distribution in a pinch. Thank You very much!

*Utah Town of the Issue* • Ferron, Utah. Ferron wins hands down for the most honest and loving citizens in the state and a town of warmth, integrity, and character. Where else could you leave your car unlocked with the keys in it when you go to the neighbors?

Valentines Party: Liberty Square, Feb. 9. Love kitsch galore!! Be There !!

# Pilgrimage to Happy Valley

by Scott Lloyd

I'VE KNOWN DALLIN since grade school. We were best friends before I went to college. We seemed to drift down different paths as the months went by. I wrote to him every so often, but it wasn't the same as before.

I remember how we used to sit and talk about the questions we had. It was funny, though we never really thought about it, that two high school guys could sit around and discuss the reasons for their existence, the nature of men, and the possibility of a God really being aware of all this. But it was normal to us, a need for us. We even signed up for a religion class that Mr. Leggett taught after school. There were only three of us: me, Dallin, and Mr. Leggett. Together, we ravaged the religion sections of the school and city libraries, learning all we could about what had driven us to take the class in the first place. Mr. Leggett eventually gave us free rein to do what we wanted. We were answering his questions after three weeks.

Then one day we discovered the Church. We were in the basement of the old Hamilton Library looking through the now defunct volumes of Henkleman Encyclopedias, when I came across a strange excerpt about a small religion. It told of a book and prophets and visions—things Dallin and I had talked about with quiet wonder, almost believing but never sure. And now we'd discovered something that talked and preached of things that we'd only hoped for. Frantically we searched for more information about the Mormons (which is what people called the Church).

The more we learned, the more we believed. We got a copy of their book and read it along with the Bible. All the gaps and holes were filled as we learned the simple but peculiar doctrines of their God. There must have been something to it all, for two months later I joined the Church, my soul burning within me. I baptized Dallin on the following Sunday.

GOING OFF to school was a new experience for me. For the first time in my life I was living away from my family. It was also the first time that I had been separated from Dallin for any extended period of time. He couldn't go to school, not the school that we wanted to attend, simply because his family was against it. They were not very happy about him joining the Church in the first place, and they certainly didn't want him to go off and be indoctrinated by the biased professors at BYU. They could at least keep an eye on him if he stayed home. My parents, on the other hand, didn't care much about what I did, as long as I paid my way. Though their apathy about my new way of life hurt, it allowed me to do what Dallin couldn't. So he stayed home and I went off to college.

My first Sunday away from home was difficult. I was in a Sunday School class with more Mormons than I'd ever seen before. After the opening prayer, the teacher started his lesson. It was about the brother of Jared. My heart beat inside me, for I had studied his life in their book, and I had some questions that I hadn't been able to resolve. Surely there was someone in the class who could help me. John, the teacher, who was a few years older than me, opened his book and said, "The Lord showed Himself unto the brother of Jared and said: Never have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast."

I raised my hand.

John looked at me. "You have a question?"

"Yes," I replied. "I just joined your church a



SR art by Cecile Nugent

year ago, and I'm not sure I really understand this scripture."

John smiled. He had spent two years as a missionary for the Church and considered himself an expert on Mormon doctrine. One of the reasons he had been called as a teacher was his ability to answer hard questions.

"What's the problem?"

"This scripture isn't true."

The class was silent.

"What do you mean, it's not true?" John's smile was gone.

The brother of Jared wasn't the first to see God. Adam and all of his children saw God just before Adam's death, and Enoch walked the earth with God. You should know that; it's in your book. I want to know what you think this scripture means."

John's mind was racing. I could tell he didn't want to look stupid in front of his class. His response to my question told me that he didn't care about finding any answers, he just wanted to save face.

"Well, there are some things we just can't understand right now, so we need to learn to go by faith. We need to stick to the basics and not get all worried about things like this that just aren't important. You're new in the Church. You'll learn." The class seemed satisfied. I didn't say anything.

His last phrase kept running through my mind as I walked home from church that afternoon. "You'll learn," he'd said. Just like he had? Was that the true purpose of life then—to make up excuses and hide behind faith in order to escape hard things? I knew there was no way that he could be satisfied with his answer to my question—not if he were being honest with himself. It wasn't any answer, just blind rhetoric that gave him a deceptive sense of security.

I thought of Dallin. We had often talked of our world as being the dynamic continuum where action was the law. One night, shortly after joining the Church, we realized that this action was only possible if one were honest first with

himself and then with God. We promised each other that night, in the warmth of our new found religion, that we would be true to ourselves and to our God no matter what it entailed. That moment was holy for me, even more holy than the day of my baptism. That's why I could never accept John's response as an answer.

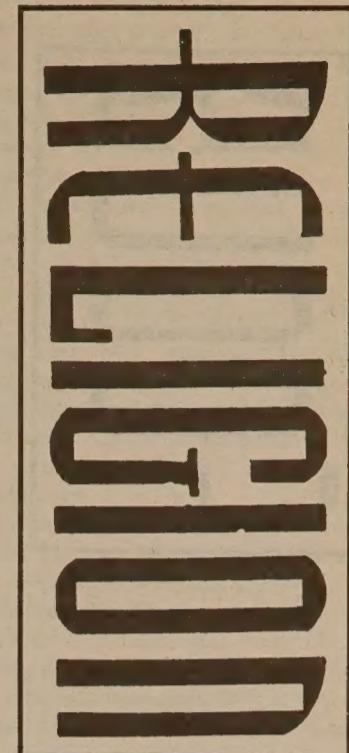
As the months went by, I felt as if I were lost in a sea of confusion. I talked to many people, often late at night when people seem to think about life as it really is, after soul-

blinding distractions have gone to sleep. Some had questions about the Church, its doctrines or other things, while others had simple questions about what was right or wrong. There were even a few who admitted to me that they doubted the existence of God. But they all had one thing in common—they were afraid to express their doubts or questions for fear that they would appear weak and without direction, both to others in the Church and to themselves. It is hard to live something your entire life and then be faced with the possibility that you might be wrong. I discovered, however, that those with whom I talked about such things were among the strongest people I had ever met. They were going through a discovery of truth, not truth about a religion, but truth about themselves. They were few among many, but the many had more influence on these few than anything I could say.

MY STAY AT BYU became more and more dim. I discovered that, to many, the outward appearance of good was the most important part of being a member of the Church, and that any expression that indicated otherwise was considered a threat to their tightly monitored religious society. I was not only taught about what was sin and what was righteousness, but I was also taught how to feel about sin and righteousness. It was as if religion were exactly the same for everyone, evoking the same sentiments of guilt and happiness for the group and suppressing the feeling of the individual. I knew it couldn't be so. Religion was something that came from inside us and was spread to others by our desire, not by our "responsibility."

I guess the thing that hurt me the most was the elitism among many of the active members of the Church. In our Sunday meetings we would talk about the need to go out and serve others, to bring them to God. We were the

please see Pilgrimage on page 13



*John smiled. He had spent two years as a missionary for the Church and considered himself an expert on Mormon doctrine...*

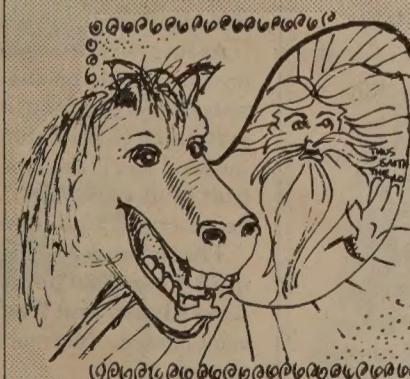
*"What's the problem?"*

*"This scripture isn't true."*

*The class was silent.*

*"What do you mean, it's not true?" John's smile was gone.*

## From the Horse's Mouth



SR art by Heather Hajek

THESE DOCTRINES FELL on the ears of attentive individuals last week. Some found them humorous, others not so humorous. Names have been withheld to protect the responsible.

—Someone born in Borneo was probably less valiant in the pre-existence than someone born in, say, another place [perhaps Utah Valley].

—Those of you who are returned missionaries will understand.

—If you're not careful, you can think yourself right out of the

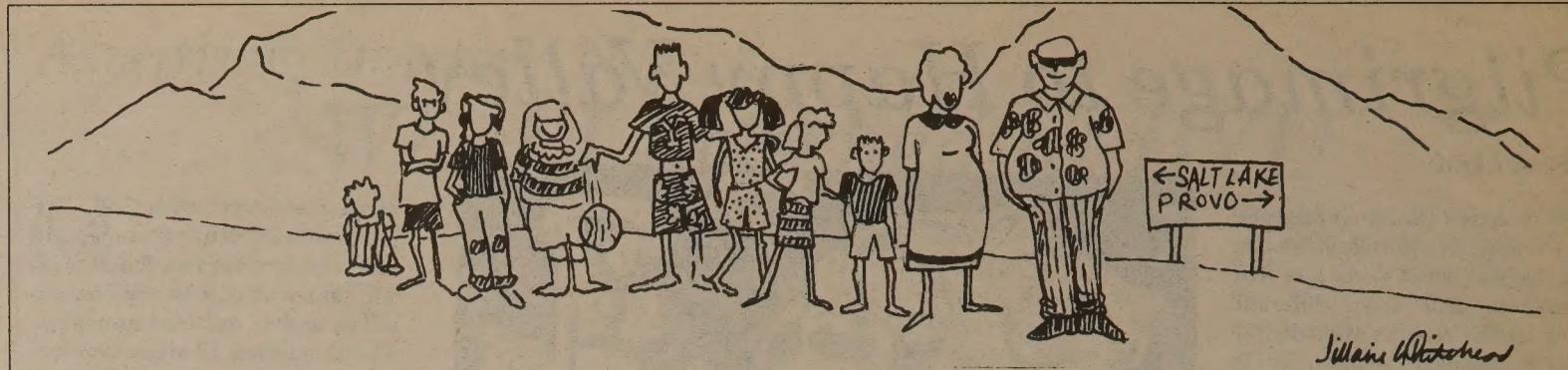
Church.

—Advice to young women: You marry the people you date. Guys may date that kind of girl, but when it comes to marriage, they'll find a nice girl like you.

—An elephant's spirit looks like an elephant.

If you hear something peculiar being preached, let us know.

SR Horse's Mouth  
PO Box 7092  
Provo, UT 84602  
or call Jennifer at 375-8191



Jillian Whitehead

## Mormonism, Utah Politics, and the Tensions of Revelation

An interview with Roger Barrus

*Professor Barrus earned his bachelors' degree at Michigan State University and his Ph.D. at Harvard. Formerly a visiting professor at Utah State, Dr. Barrus teaches at Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia. His book, Mormonism and American Liberalism in the Politics of Utah will soon be published by the University of Utah Press. Eric Schulzke of Student Review conducted the following interview with the cooperation of Ralph Hancock of BYU's Political Science Department.*

unassisted human reason. Because Mormonism and American Liberalism view the foundations of human life differently, they have very different understandings of what life is all about.

To me the most interesting thing about Utah politics is the position of the Church leadership, who have very powerful claims on the minds and hearts of the people of Utah and yet who restrain themselves from making those claims, walking a very narrow and delicate line in matters of politics.

*SR: What makes Utah Politics so interesting?*

*Barrus: I'm really trying to explain the structure of the regime, or the political and social order that shapes day-to-day politics . . .*

I'm not sure people recognize the tensions between Mormonism and American Liberalism as political principles, especially since there are good reasons for obscuring the tensions.

*SR: Explain what you mean by these tensions between Liberalism and Mormonism.*

*Barrus: As a revealed religion, Mormonism rests on certain assumptions about human nature, for example, that the first principles of human life are only knowable by divine revelation rather than unassisted human reason. American Liberalism holds that the first principles are knowable to*

Beyond that, there are all kinds of demands that are placed upon them to keep this political community in order. In some periods of Utah history, the Church has nursed along one political party to try to keep partisan alignments from falling apart.

*SR: Would you suggest, for example that Mormons should try find a place in the Democratic party, even if they don't feel at home in it?*

*Barrus: it is useful for the*

**The Oxford English Dictionary defines liberalism as a philosophy "favorable to constitutional changes and legal or administrative reforms tending in the directions of freedom and democracy."**

Church to encourage partisan pluralism. For example, when Jake Garn defeated him in his run for the Senate, Wayne Owens was immediately called as a mission president. I thought that sent a signal that one could be a good Latter-day Saint and a Democrat too. The Church leadership does a very good job of avoiding things that could radically polarize the state.

*Hancock: I think in Utah generally, and particularly in Academia, we notice the instances where the General Authorities test the limits of this accommodation. We don't notice what is more remarkable, that most of the time they restrain themselves.*

*Barrus: Yes, and that's an excellent point. You compare Church leaders now with the way Church leaders talked in the early days of the Church. Compare the Journal of Discourses with the most recent edition of the Ensign. The difference indicates the political constraints that Church leaders operate under, and by and large they do a very good job of avoiding things that could radically polarize the state.*

*Hancock: Are you suggesting that the Church should not take political positions and not make pronouncements on the hot issues of the day?*

*Barrus: As a rule, yes. And I think they essentially follow that practice, except in certain very sensitive, important issues—moral issues.*

*SR: You've referred to the Utah experience as a microcosm of Western Civilization. Are you, in part, referring to the Church in Medieval Europe and her relationship to the state?*

*Barrus: Yes, that's one manifestation of it. For me, what makes the West the West is something like a confrontation between the claims, the demands of revealed religion, represented for the West by the Bible, and scientific rationalism, which is ultimately Greek in origin. It's the confrontation between Jerusalem and Athens. The regime in Utah, constructed out of Mormonism and American Liberalism, is a nice image of that. Its*

*please see Politics next page*

## Characterizing Utah

by Joanna Brooks

**M**ANY SOCIAL AND economic conditions have been attributed to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints' prominence in Utah. The concept of a causal relationship between the Church and the state of affairs in Utah is not far-fetched.

Mormons comprise 67% percent of the state's population. Many believe that Utah's commonly held beliefs make Utah a "peculiar" place. The sun shines brighter, more kids sprout, fewer natural disasters strike, fewer crimes occur, and better deals on bulk foods abound. More hairspray, sheet music, and ice cream are consumed by Utahns than by the citizens of most other states. Mormon culture, if not the direct intervention of a friendly advocate above, must be the cause, we like to think.

As Brigham Young said, "Talk about these rich valleys, why there is not another people on the earth that could have come here and lived. We prayed over the land, an dedicated it and the water, air and everything pertaining to them unto the Lord, and the smiles of Heaven rested upon the land and it became productive and to-day yields us the best of grain, fruit, and vegetables." (*Journal of Discourses* 12:288) The smiles of heaven upon Utah have also yielded many other crops....

**T**here were 37,368 live births in Utah in 1986 with a birth rate of 22.4 per 1000 persons. Utah has the third highest birth rate behind Alaska and Washington DC. "Be fruitful and multiply," the Lord commanded. Mormons, encouraged by Church leaders, have obviously obeyed.

*please see Utah on page 13*

## Utah Vital Statistics

Admitted into the Union on January 4, 1896 as the 45th state.

Motto: "Industry"  
Flower: Sego Lily  
Tree: Blue Spruce  
Bird: Seagull  
Emblem: Beehive  
Song: "Utah, We Love Thee"

1987 population: 1,680,000  
(ranked 35th)  
Land area: 82,073 sq. miles  
(ranked 12th)

Utah has 29 counties, 108 cities with populations of less than 1,000, 44 state parks, 11,000 miles of fishing streams, and 147,000 acres of lakes.

Its highest point is King's Peak (13,528 ft.). Its lowest point is Beaverdam Creek (2,000 ft.). Its average elevation is 6,100 feet, the third highest in the U.S.

source lies in these two elements.

*SR: But there must be differences too. How would Utah compare with Medieval Europe, for example—similarities and differences?*

*Barrus: They are similar in terms of the claim of revealed religion. What is unique to Mormonism may be the claim of modern revelation. The scriptures—now. A prophet—now. That sort of brings the idea of revelation home more forcefully.*

*Hancock: There is a kind of emphasis on personal revelation. In Mormonism, each individual needs revelation which is different from the Medieval tradition in which the authority of the Church is sufficient and you're expected to trust someone else's revelation.*

*SR: Does this element of personal revelation have an influence on the Utah regime?*

*Barrus: Yes, it does. You could look at early Mormon history as a demonstration that revelation is also problematic inside the Church. The conflicts of early Mormon history typically started within the Mormon community. Part of the story of the founding of Utah is the way that the internal problems of revelation were handled and were kept from splitting the Mormon community in the way that it was split in its early history.*

*SR: There is another tension within the Mormon community, between the ideal of the United Order on the one hand, and free agency on the other. Is that manifest in Utah politics?*

*Barrus: Yes. This is part of the essential tension. People want their own things, their own property, because they have their own bodies that they have to care for. Revelation comes from the Lord saying: "Have faith. Give everything you have, and things will be all right." But it wasn't that easy, and there were conflicts within the community.*

*Revelation says, as Joseph Smith once wrote, when God tells you to do something today, you do it. And if he tells you to do something else tomorrow, you do that. He even gives the example that God says, "thou shalt not kill," and another time He says, "thou shalt utterly destroy." Revelation says you do what you're told when you're told to do it.*

*The question is, can human beings live in such fluidity and change so rapidly? There's reason to think that the Saints had difficulty living up to the urgent demands of revelation. Brigham Young institutionalized Mormonism to allow people to live in the light of revelation but also assure some stability, that they had their own things, their own property, and so forth.*

*SR: You've referred to the conflicts that the Mormons had in*

*Missouri and Illinois in terms of the conflict between rationalism and revelation. Could you elaborate?*

*Barrus: The theme that seemed to come out most repeatedly and seemed to be most powerfully on the minds of the anti-Mormons was 'Mormons believe in revelation, and someone who believes that they can converse with God and angels is not above doing anything. So what happens when the Mormons elect the Sheriffs, the judges, and the juries?*

*The statement of the Carthage convention of the early 1840's said something like this: 'Joseph Smith claims to be a prophet, and such a person cannot help but be a dangerous character.' That, I think, leads us to the real grounds of Republican Liberalism, where, in fact, the real enemy that Hobbes and Locke had in mind were the priests, who claimed to rule by divine right.*

*I think you have to this view seriously. The Mormons were holding to a political principle, revelation, which is a political principle and implies a right to rule. It implies that God appoints certain beings to rule over their fellows. Revelation is, in a sense, profoundly antithetical to government by the consent of the governed and American Liberalism's self-evident truths...*

*There are limits to liberal toleration. Liberal toleration can't tolerate religious opinions that undermine the liberal principles of government—natural rights, equality, and so on. And that's the way Mormonism was perceived by the anti-Mormons during the early period of the Church.*

*SR: Such accusations have, largely, disappeared. How is it that the Church dealt with this problem so successfully?*

*Barrus: I think you've seen a church that has become superpatriotic and superconventional since the 1890's, as part of the accommodation. The Church wants to be able to point to Utah and say, look,*

*Mormons are not subversive or traitors or tyrants. We have a decent regime, and in many respects one of the most decent around—the most patriotic.*

*I've never been on a college campus where at 5:15 they play the national anthem. I thought a baseball game was going on. Everyone stops. Don't you see something self-conscious about that, an attempt to present Mormons as hyperpatriots and hyperconventional in their social practices?*

*SR: So we conventionalize and become a paradigm of patriotism. What do we give up in the process?*

*Barrus: In some sense you give up some of the free flow of revelation. You establish norms as to the kinds of things that will come from God and what won't.*

*SR: In The Journal of Discourses, for example, Brigham Young could discourse on anything imaginable...*

*Barrus: And now they don't. Obviously you've read some of it—it's absolutely fascinating.*

*Hancock: Some of the most powerful visions of what it would mean to realize the City of God are put aside, are bracketed, because now Mormonism really means something hard-working, entrepreneurial—some version of Americanism.*

*Barrus: Right, but what happens to building the City of God? That's a loss. If revelation is contained to make it possible for Mormonism to co-exist with the outside world, then in a certain way that vision of the City of God, of Zion, is at best put off to the indefinite future.*

*SR: So we've put on this veneer, as you've put it. To what degree have we internalized the veneer? When we try to establish the City of God, how are Mormons going to react?*

*Hancock: It's a difficult bal-*

*ancing act, isn't it? Within the soul of each individual there must be an allegiance to the decent, American principles, and yet somehow, to reach our highest religious level, we must be capable of seeing beyond those things, without cherishing them as if they were ultimate.*

*Barrus: That is a very difficult balancing act.*

*Hancock: And probably most people are destined to fail. Which leads me to believe that if something were to be introduced abruptly, where we would be called to do something radically unconventional, many would be bewildered, and would interpret the call to be abandon what they thought Latter-day Saints were.*

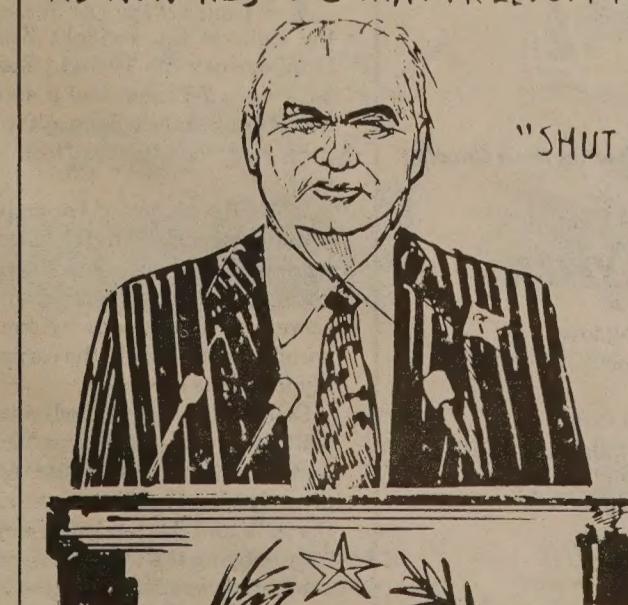
*Barrus: There's really something to that. Let me make a comment that will seem somewhat off the wall: I think that the citizens of Utah live that kind of tension that we've been talking about. It's in their bones and in their souls. I see some of that in the students I've taught at Utah State, and it's made teaching the students there intriguing. There is this tautness in their souls that comes from this conflict and trying to resolve it.*

*Hancock: Just like with a bow you have to have the string tight, that implies some wonderful things about Utah. Maybe, in this sense, we could look for great things out of Utah in the life of the mind, in culture, if people really were to reflect on that internal tension. Once you're perfectly at home in the modern world, in the world of science, then where are the big issues? Where's the dynamism?*

*Hancock: What is good? What is true? What's for lunch?*

*Barrus: Right. The third question becomes the only one that is really relevant. The people in Utah, because of the tension we've been talking about, actually believe that what is good and what is true is more important than what is for lunch. I don't know that it's always been like that, but there's hope. I would look to Utah as a real place for potential for great thought.*

MR. GORBACHEV WAS ASKED WHY, IF HE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE REST OF EASTERN EUROPE TO VOTE OUT THE COMMUNIST PARTY, HE NOW REJECTS THAT FREEDOM FOR RUSSIANS...



WITH THANKS TO KING LARDNER  
JANZIGER  
The Christian Science Monitor  
Los Angeles Times Syndicate

# Perms: The Wavy Plague

By Bill Stacey

HE WAS ONCE a figure of beauty. Stares and glares from males and females alike signalled to me that I was not alone in this belief. But then, like so many of her sex, she caught "The Disease." I remember the falling of my heart as I saw her walk into class that day—my normal anticipation shot down like a slow, fat pheasant. She had become yet another victim of the Perm Syndrome.

Coming to BYU from Ohio, I had hoped to escape seeing this disease. It had become an epidemic during my years in high school, as every girl fell, one by one, to the wicked sting of perm hair. I watched in tears as 5 of the last 9 "straights" in my school of 1000 succumbed to the disease. I had vainly hoped that somehow their immune systems were more resilient than that. Maybe it was the cold weather; maybe they didn't sleep enough—I don't know. But the sadness of watching their rapid, almost instantaneous deterioration still remains.

Little is known of this disease, though it appears there is an incubation period. "Straight" girls transferring to a contaminated high school usually last about five to seven weeks before the symptoms present themselves in that shocking overnight upheaval. Few diseases strike as severely, quickly, and thoroughly as the Wavy Plague.

The worst part is that usually the disease is terminal. Although there is a cure, most women avoid it, and fall victim to a horrible psychological side effect—vanitous extreme. This interesting effect makes the women think that

they actually look better with a perm. It affects one's opinion of other's perms as well. There is no known antidote for a woman's resolve, and hence the problem: they don't get cured because they don't want to be cured. These carriers then spread their virus to others and the contamination gets worse. The few stalwart survivors cling to their health, sanity, and natural beauty with a rigid, though brittle grip. There always exists the bitter possibility that someday they, too, may fall victim.

I had heard of isolated, lonely areas where perms were not rampant. I just assumed that meant all isolated, lonely areas, namely Utah. But I was definitely wrong in that belief. The Perm virus is more prevalent in Utah than in any place I've ever heard of. Yes, even at BYU. I was shocked to see it, but that disease from high school is rampant right here on campus.

Don't get me wrong, perms aren't always bad. At least one or two out of a thousand look good (or at least better than without one). I also realize that perms are much easier to manage, cutting precious minutes off the "make yourself beautiful" schedule. But at what price? A cycle of perms that takes a lot of guts to break and even more money to uphold. Plus, it kills hair! I like straight hair. So do other guys. I practically drool when I see those long, straight tresses that just beg to have hands run through them. Perms are O.K., but too much of a semi-decent thing gets a little bit ridiculous after a while. No, just plain ridiculous.

## Retaliations:

*Comment from a girl*

*with a perm:*

"Go back to Ohio. Please."

*Comment from a girl with straight hair:*

I can only conclude that this article is a reflection of your chauvinistic and shallow self. I wear my hair straight and even agree that I dislike the perm look, but I also have enough insight to understand why so many girls end up poufy, wavy, frizzy.

People want to identify and "fit in" with the society in which they live, so girls, as well as boys, will alter appearances or actions to mirror those around them. It stems from insecurity. Insecurity abounds here as it does anywhere—even Ohio—and it affects both genders.

How many men "discover" Ralph Lauren, Drakkar, Franklin planners, hair long and slick on top, round spectacles, leather satchels, Girbaud jeans, bead-strung tether necklaces, and J. Crew? How many "learn" to clone every page of *GQ*? Or that another look is **WRONG**? Or that a guy must act rebellious and talk religious? How many guys "become educated" about what a "roll" is, or how to laugh and jeer at Freshmen who want the acceptance of an "elitist" group so badly that they'll run two miles with corn flakes and syrup in their underwear?

If you are a freshman, and I detect it in your piece, realize that men, as well as women adapt or convert to the societies in which they live. I hate big hair, and I hate the perm, but I love people, despite their fluffiness.

## Exiting the Zone and Entering the Lee

by Bob Burden

THE LIBRARY SIGN reads "no food or drinks allowed," but as you stand at the south entrance of the Lee library, a rock's throw to the right is the Twilight Zone. For those not familiar with the Twilight Zone, imagine a cross between a 7-Eleven and a small ma-and-pa deli. Sometimes while looking at the "Zone," I envision a neon sign that flashes "food and GAS available here."

It's 9:00 p.m., and as I approach the bright lights of the library, I become fully conscious of my hunger for knowledge—no, food. Grabbing hold of the library door to enter (so that some day I may exit to serve), my fingers one by one let go of the door handle, giving way to the carnality of my stomach. My face dons a smirk.

Relief. My mind and body are at peace once again while standing inside the "Zone." I buy a pink cookie, milk and a candy bar. Although not too fond of candy bars, I can't leave with loose change. I stick the milk and the candy bar in my bag, while carefully babying the cookie in my coat pocket. I enter the library confidently, knowing that I have adequately concealed the illegal goods. I think about

detectors that can sense food entering the library.

Now that cookie. With a sly grin, I double-step up the stairs to the fourth floor, and sit down, whipping out the food. I break open the lid of the milk, take a small sip, eat half of my cookie, and pull out a textbook. Suddenly I hear something like "Breaker forty." I'm busted, looking up at the "authoritative" library security man who's scowling. "Hand it over," he says quietly.

Sometimes I think that the "Zone" is fully equipped with a surveillance camera, and that these officers watch us buy food, let us enter the library, follow us to our destinations, hide behind a book shelf, let us nibble on the purchased contraband, and wham: "Hand it over."

What were they thinking when they allowed the Twilight Zone to sell food? After all, there is no warm sitting area to eat the food. Were they expecting us students to sit outside in the middle of a Utah winter and eat? I'll pass on sitting in the quad at 11:00 p.m., thanks. It's still the beginning of the semester, and I'll still eat in the HBLL, as long as the Zone still sells.

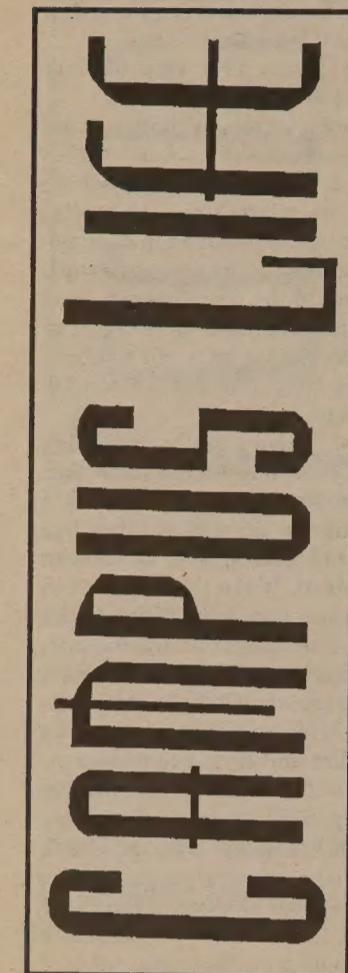
## To My Utah Man

If all representative words meaning love  
Could scroll from your tongue without  
needing a shave;  
If once your attention expanded in view,  
Encompassed another, stopped highlighting YOU;  
If once conversation's allure seemed less stale;  
If once in humility you were less male;  
If only humanity's care wrote your list,  
You wouldn't feel lonely;  
I wouldn't feel pissed.

Jen Jergen



SR art by Bruce Crandall

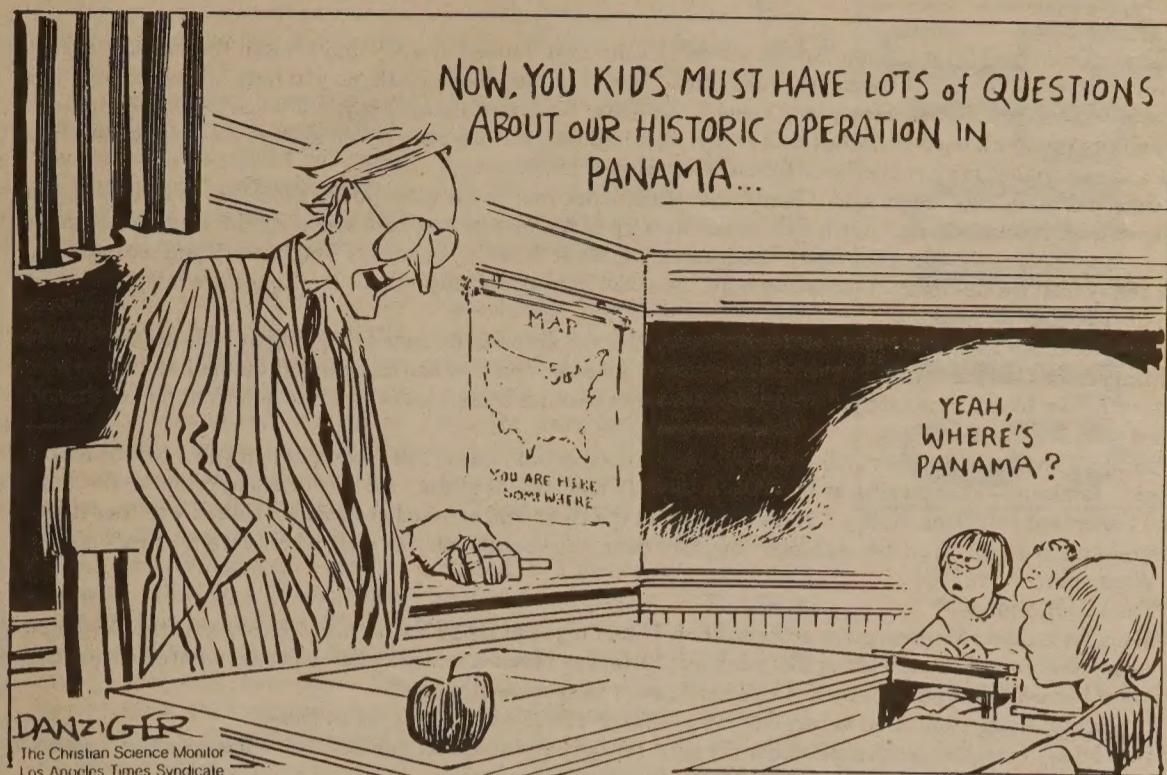


# our Brush with the Lame

by Darren Vance and Paul Hammer

Desiring to spend the holidays in Scandinavia, we bought our tickets from Pan Am back in August of 1989 and thus received a very good price for the tickets. We bought them in advance both for the discount and to avoid any last minute problems. No such luck with Pan Am. Three times they changed our schedule and each time they said it would be best if we would take our money back rather than have them arrange new flights for us. Gee, thanks. But we stuck it out with them, and ended up having to stay in New York for a night at our expense. Flying out of Los Angeles, I arrived half an hour after my connecting flight to Helsinki was supposed to have left; however, it was also delayed. So we (Paul had flown in from Salt Lake) boarded the plane and waited... and waited... and waited. Three hours, on a plane, sitting down, not moving, no food, no music, no drinks, and not a stewardess in sight. Three hours. Sometime during the wait the captain told us the delay was caused by a faulty conveyor belt that was loading the luggage, and that we had waited this long to make sure that all the bags got placed on board. Finally, we took off for Helsinki. Paul's bags went to London. Moral: Don't ever fly Pan Am.

## THE EDUCATION PRESIDENT AT WORK



# The Streets of This Town

By Matthew Polder

**D**RIVING UTAH ROADS, I notice an abundance of imbeciles who drive either like maniacs or post-mortem slugs. The stupidity of Utah drivers is an obvious indication that the Utah DMV's driving tests scream for improvement. The following excerpt of an actual test helps us understand why we encounter so much incompetence on the streets of Utah Valley.

1. The person riding shot-gun is responsible for

- a. whistling at all passing females.
- b. adjusting the radio station to trendy songs.
- c. making the driver look cool.

2. Driving in a car without an FM radio is like

- a. Rex Lee without socks.
- b. Standards listening to the Sex Pistols.
- c. good food in the cafeteria.

3. A crosswalk means

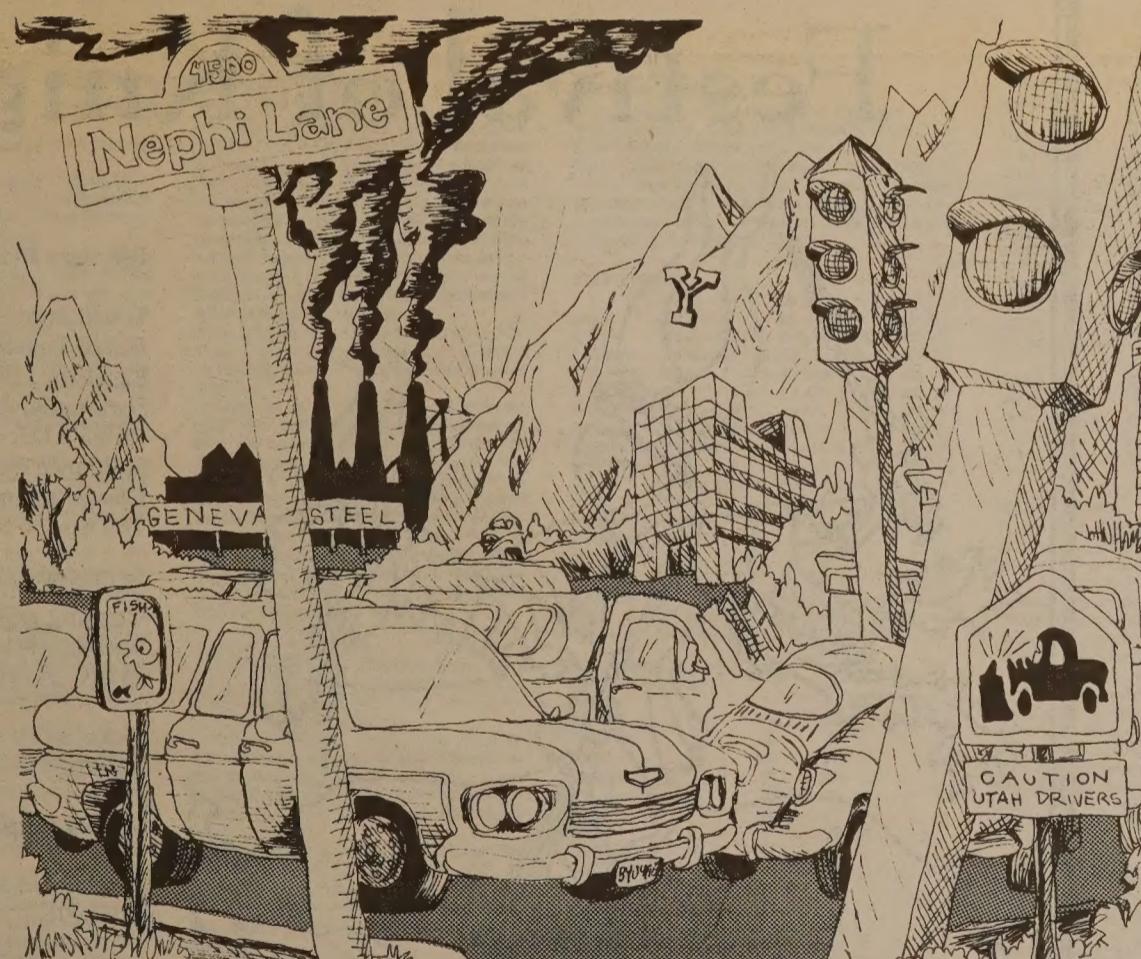
- a. ten points, twenty if they're engaged.
- b. honk real loud and give ugly sneers to pedestrians.
- c. you won't get a ticket for parking there.

4. A yellow light means

- a. speed up and sing "Born to be Wild."
- b. if you were in any other state you'd probably stop.
- c. the same as your parents' counsel not to watch R movies.

5. BYU traffic cops

- a. are really nice people, when they're not at work.
- b. give out tickets to protest the ozone hole.



SR Art by John Hamer

□ c. never eat donuts with hot chocolate.

6. Station wagons are

- a. the only vehicle sold in the Celestial Kingdom.
- b. really good for smuggling Jolt cola across campus.
- c. considered a status symbol in Panguitch.

7. A Pinto

- a. looks really cool with curtains.
- b. means you get to drive twenty screaming teenagers to a Paula Abdul concert.
- c. never peels out, no matter how hard you try.

8. A green light means

- a. go, but only if you feel like it.
- b. slow down.
- c. put your turn signal on to confuse the California driver behind you

9. A good place to take a date in a car is

- a. the car wash if she's boring.
- b. Geneva Steel at sunset.
- c. the Provo temple, but only if you're serious.

10. A cigarette lighter in Utah is like

- a. an L.D.S. missionary in the Vatican.
- b. Korihor being exalted.
- c. a Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

11. The clock in a car is good for

- a. setting behind so you'll be on time for ward activities.
- b. setting ahead so you can get rid of your blind date early.
- c. gauging the "seventeen seconds" brake period.

12. I deserve a Utah driver's license because

- a. I can say "heck" with twenty different voice inflections.
- b. I have twelve brothers and sisters.
- c. I think the *Daily Universe* is funny.

Any answer is fine, as most Utah drivers only add to the Law of Entropy, perpetually increasing disorder in Provo and the universe.

# Mom Got Mad

by Jill Place

"I hate Teen-age Mutant Ninja Turtles Cereal, Kath. Just 'cause I'm a boy and I watch the cartoon doesn't mean I'll like the cereal. It tastes like Rice Chex. Mom's a ding-dong. Kath, do you hate all the dresses you have to wear for that Relief Society lady's shop?" My sister Kath was almost a boy; she loved jeans and hightops and she'd even work with wrenches on her car. She had brown fluffy hair which always met at the back in a red and newspaper-gray rubberband from the scissors drawer.

"Good morning, kids," Mom said. "Remember to rinse out your bowls when you're finfishes. Why Kathy, you look beautiful this morning." Kath didn't even look up at Mom. She just kept spooning the soggy bran flakes through milk currents. Mom sat down. "Did you sell much at the sale yesterday? You know, if you see anything you really like, we can make it ourselves here. Just tell me what to buy. Those boutiques are full of cute tree ornaments and—"

"I don't like ANYTHING there, Mom." Kath let go of the spoon and started chipping at a blackened spot on her fingernail. In October she smashed her thumb in a door, and now she can chip off the nail and crumb out the dry brown blood. She said you scrape out the junk because then it looks just like a normal nail except for a crater where the blood was.

"Kathy, I know you'd rather still work at the record shop, but honey, like I explained, if you'd just be a little more... feminine—stop picking at that nail; REALLY now, you're at the TABLE and those crumbs of—Don't! Oh I just swept this floor, Kathy." Kath sat back in the chair and exhaled as Mom continued with her hands clasped on the table. "You are eighteen now, and dear, the young men like girls who... well... are girls."

"What young men?"

"The L.D.S. young—"

"Mom, I don't date Mormon guys, and you know I like Cory. I'm HAPPY with him." Every time the Cory topic came up Mom would do something like yank out curlers or mince a tomato when she only wanted slices. She caressed her eyes, but pulled at them like her fingers were contact paper.

"Oh Kathy, Kathy, you need to let go of Cory—STOP THAT—I told you not at the—"

"Well I don't want this black stuff under my nail! It's ugly and snags on this DRESS—I just want my normal nail again. And I'm sick of the boutique, Mom. Why can't I just—"

"Honey, we've been through this, and your father and I have agreed that what's best for you is—STOP PICKING AT THAT NAIL—are you even listening to me?"

Right then I reached for the Turtle Cereal and toppled my orange juice. Mom gasped and Kath smiled. Then I snickered. I scrunched down in my seat to hide my giggles under the table, but Kath was laughing too, so I sat up. Mom threw the dish towel at us, and said "I've had it" as she left the kitchen. We heard a sob escape from her while she walked up the hall, and she shut her door hard.

"Geez, have a cow," I muttered.

We sat staring silently at her door and I bit at my lip. Kath looked at me. Then we smiled.

## Top 20

1. Mormons Everywhere
2. Park City
3. Open Space
4. Chickens in the front yard
5. temple-per-city
6. Student Review
7. Climbing Timp
8. Kiwanis Park in April
9. Baci's
10. KJQ
11. mountains
12. snow
13. smoke-less dance clubs
14. Lake Powell
15. cheap cheese
16. Olympics bid
17. Movies 8
18. avoiding the appearance of evil
19. Utah Symphony/Ballet West
20. Low Rent

Bottom 10—Mormons Everywhere, discreet bigotry, escaped lunatics, Merrill Cook, teenage pregnancy, hairspray, missionaries in Cougar Eat, Ream's Grocery (+10%), Utah names, Provincial Anti-Provincial Universalism.

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BYU STUDENT SERVICE ASSOCIATION

# A Season of Sweat and Glory

by Debi Kendall

ROWING UP IN Provo meant more than just being in the same town as the MTC, smelling the daily sweetness of Geneva Steel, and knowing the difference between American Fork and Spanish Fork. It meant more than making fun of the zoobies, green swimsuits from skiing in Utah Lake or driving by the Provo Temple only to see dozens of couples lined up in their cars. Yes, living in Provo meant more than that... it meant that every season there was something new to look forward to... BYU sports.

Because Dad is a BYU alumni and a member of the Cougar Club, he took me to many football and basketball games. It was when I was about nine years old that I noticed that on each end of the court were two girls and two boys in blue and white uniforms. The boys would throw the basketballs to the players during warmup and the girls carried white towels. Whenever a player fell, a little girl would shoot out onto the court and wipe madly. As I watched, I asked Dad if I could do that. He looked into it and found out that I would have to wait until I was twelve, then I would have to interview for the job. I qualified because my parents were season ticket holders. My

older sister got the coveted job the following year while I anxiously awaited my turn.

During my twelfth year my parents frequently checked the paper for the call for "towel girls." One day in junior high my friend came up to me with a big smile on her face. She said, "Did you make BYU towel girl?" I was confused. "They haven't had tryouts yet," was my reply. "Oh yes they have. I had my interview yesterday." I was mortified. I had missed what I had been waiting for... for three years. I ran into the girls bathroom. After a few minutes of sobbing I made my way to the office. "I'm sick," I said as they handed me the telephone.

MOMENTS LATER I was sitting in the station wagon, still sniffling. "Mom, I'm not really sick," I said. "They already had towel girl tryouts." The warm tears dripped down my face. Mom gasped and then tried to console me. "I'll see what I can do when we get home."

Mom was on the telephone in no time. The BYU athletics office said they were no longer taking interviews. Mom explained the situation and within about ten minutes I was sitting in a comfortable chair facing two of the directors. I did my

best to express my desire to wipe up the sweat on the Marriot Center floor.

As I arrived back home the telephone was ringing. It was the BYU people telling me that I had made it. I was one of the official BYU basketball towel girls, despite the fact that I had missed the deadline for interviews.

Before each game I put on my white Dittos and blue polyester shirt that read "DEBI" on the back. I rode to the game with Dad, then he went to his seat and I went to the tunnel. I then met my partner, Syd Schaeffer, and we were given a few white towels before taking our seats on the basketball standard.

The first few games were the hardest. During a timeout Syd would look at me and say, "Should we go out?" I would look out on the empty floor and then up at the 20,000 fans screaming on every side. "Yeah, let's go." We would then throw our shoulders back and stride onto the floor. We would bend down and delicately wipe the wet spots. Most of the time we just wiped to wipe. It was our job.

That season was not only great for me, but great for the team as well. In fact, it was the season of the "greats." Devin Durrant, Danny Ainge, Greg Kite and "Boo"

Roberts were the big men. They were dribbling, slamming and jamming all over the court and I got to wipe up their sweat.

Today some may think it is sexist for the girls to wipe up the floor and the guys to rebound the basketballs. But I didn't care. It was an honor and a privilege to clean up after the players. We were taking measures to prevent them from getting injured. It wasn't just mopping up human moisture. It was the perspiration of three future Boston Celtics and an All-American forward.

I'll never forget that basketball season. And to think that I almost missed it. I gained a lot from the seemingly trivial job. First, I got a great seat at no extra charge for every game. Second, I got a blue and white shirt with my name on the back. Third, I got pictures and autographs from Durrant and Ainge. My wrists were stronger after much wiping and my confidence waxed strong in front of thousands of fans. But best of all, I learned how to wipe up sweat.



## SR Scoreboard

### SMITTY'S PICKS

Now that the giants are playing the giants, the games are getting more entertaining.

1. Missouri (19-3) — After squeaking past Rutgers 89-84 on John McIntyre's career high 25 pts (5 treys), the Tigers busted the Buffaloes of Colorado 104-89. Anthony Peeler and Nathan Buntin combined for 51 points for Missouri.

2. Kansas (20-1) — Took apart Kansas State 85-67. Terry Brown had 21 for the Jayhawks, who are undefeated since this column boldly predicted that they wouldn't lose another game this season. O.K., so it's only one game, but I'd better get it in while I can. You never know in the Big Eight.

3. Michigan (15-3) — The Wolverines beat Northwestern for the 11th straight time 88-79, as Mills, Higgins, and Vaughn combined for 73 points. Then Rumeal Robinson, making up for his anemic 4 pt. performance in the aforementioned game, swished a fall away desperation hook shot at the buzzer to beat Michigan State 65-63. He ended up with 25.

4. Arkansas (17-2) — Todd Day poured in 34 pts, the highest by a Razorback in 5 yrs., as Arkansas beat Texas 109-100. They then downed UAB 109-95, with Day scoring 25 and Lee Mayberry adding 23 to give the R-back's an unblemished 8-0 record in the Southwest Conference.

5. Oklahoma (14-2) — Licked out Iowa State 107-96, with William Davis laying in 24 pts. with 14 rbs. Defeated instate rival Oklahoma State 109-92, as the Sooners resumed their century breaking play.

6. Duke (16-3) — Wiggled past the Wolfpack of N.C. State in OT, 85-82, aided by a Tom Gugliani tip-in for the Blue Devils to send it into overtime. Unfortunately for Jim Valvano & Crew, Tom plays for N.C. State. The Yellowjackets of Georgia Tech also fell, 88-86, as Brian Davis scored 16 for Duke, almost doubling his season total.

7. Syracuse (14-3) — Beat Pitt 83-74, as Derrick Coleman pulled down 10 rebounds to pass Patrick Ewing for Big East career rebound leader, with 606 to Ewing's 596. Billy Owens then had a thrilling 36 to hammer the Hoyas of Georgetown 95-76.

8. Georgetown (15-2) — Lost their second of their last three games to the Orangemen of Syracuse, 95-76. Mourning muscled in 22 in a losing cause.

9. Illinois (15-3) — Bumped off the Badgers of Wisconsin 66-63, with Marcus "Statue" of Liberty torching in 21 before obfuscating Ohio State 92-81. Kendall Gill had 20 for the Illini who started the second half with a 19-0 run. In a classic case of sour grapes, Iowa has managed to get freshman center Deon Thomas suspended for the year, claiming that he was given \$8,000 and a car by Illini recruiter Jimmy Collins. Since Thomas is under investigation, he cannot play. Iowa lost out on the hot recruiting war for Thomas last year.

10. UNLV (14-4) — Upset by LSU on Super Bowl Sunday 107-105. Anderson Hunt had 31 points, including six in the last 20 seconds. Jerry chewed through two towels.

11. Purdue (15-2) — Handed Ohio State their first home loss of the year 78-66. Woody Austin then hit 4 treys to help beat Iowa, 80-59. The Boilermakers are 7-0 in the Big Ten, their best start since 1936.

12. Louisville (14-3) — David Booth lit it up for 37 pts. in a losing cause against the DePaul Blue Demons.

13. U. of Connecticut (17-3) — Came in first in the "Team-o-the-week" competition with five in double figures, beating Central Connecticut 99-77 in the last game in Storrs Fieldhouse. Inaugurated the new Gampel Pavilion by scalping the Redmen

of St. John's 72-58 to take a share of first place in the Big East. 14. UCLA (14-3) — Don McClean had 27 for the Bruins as they moved into a tie for first in the Pac 10 by beating the Oregon State Beavers 94-80. UCLA head coach Jim Harrick was put on probation for complaining about the officiating in the loss to Stanford. Harrick held a press conference after the game to berate a technical foul called on star Trevor Wilson that turned the game's momentum. Classy move, Jimmy.

15. La Salle (15-1) — The Explorers exploded for wins over Niagara, 87-69, and Fordham, 98-72. Lionel Simmons had 25 and 30 pts. in the respective games.

16. Georgia Tech (12-4) — Dennis Scott scored 32 in a 90-91 loss to Clemson, and then rolled home 36 (5 3-pointers) as the Boilermakers dropped their second straight, this one to Duke 86-88.

17. Loyola-Marymount (15-3) — Bo "Gunner" Kimble and Hank "Fainter" Gathers had 31 apiece in downing Gonzaga 98-88, who this week inducted Utah Jazz All-Star John Stockton into the Gonzaga Hall of Fame. Congrats, John.

18. LSU (14-4) — Quote-O-The-Week - Coach Dale Brown, after losing to Georgia 92-94—"We should drop out of the polls. Completely out. I honestly believe we could have been 12-4 with our schedule with an intramural team... Frankly, I wish it wasn't so late in the season, I'd bring in some redshirts." The Tigers missed the front end of 10 one-and-one chances in the last 10 minutes. LSU then beat UNLV in the battle of the initials, 107-105.

19. St. John's (17-4) — Passed Protection 83-75, paced by Jason Williams' 23. Then lost to upstart UConn 58-72.

20. Minnesota (14-4) — The Golden Gophers came back after losing a heartbreaker to Wisconsin on a tip in at the buzzer last week by beating Iowa 84-72 and Indiana 108-89 to remain unbeaten at home this year.

21. North Carolina (15-6) — Claimed a portion of first in the ACC by knocking out Clemson 83-60, tying the Tar Heels with Duke for the conference lead.

22. Oregon State (15-3) — Beaver Gary Payton led with 30 points in their loss to the UCLA Bruins to lose the lead in the Pac 10.

23. Arizona (12-4) — Lost to Big East "powerhouse" Pittsburgh 100-92. "Nuff said."

24. BYU (16-3) — Our own Cougars ripped up the Runnin' Utes, scoring almost as many as the football team, 65-49, and then thrashed the CSU Rams 67-52 to gain sole possession of the WAC lead.

25. Michigan State (16-4) — The Spartans beat Indiana 75-57, winning by the greatest margin since 1979, when Magic Johnson lead the attack. Then lost a close one to Michigan in which they dominated the Wolverines in every aspect except final score and late game foul shooting.

### WAC STANDINGS (as of Mon. 1-29)

	conference	overall	w	l	pct.	w	l	pct.
BYU			7	1	.875	16	3	.842
Hawaii			6	2	.750	17	4	.810
Colorado St.			5	2	.714	15	4	.789
UTEP			4	3	.571	11	7	.611
Wyoming			3	4	.429	11	8	.579
San Diego St.			3	4	.429	11	9	.550
New Mexico			2	5	.286	10	9	.526
Utah			2	5	.286	9	9	.500
Air Force			0	6	.000	6	12	.333

### WAC ALL-ACADEMIC TEAM

a squad to be proud of... er... a squad of which to be proud. BYU: A. Toolson (int'l relations, 3.50), S. Schreiner (phys. ed., 3.77), K. Santiago (finance, 3.45), M. Heslop (business, 3.44). Utah: J. Hansen (French, 3.47), K. Chapman (comm., 3.09), T. Connor ("exercise and sport science", 3.02). UTEP: M. Helmer (education, 3.07), Air Force: A. Benson (civil eng., 3.13). It seems Roger Reid wasn't kidding when he said on last week's coaches show that he looks for "student athletes" first.

### BYU STATISTICS

player	ppg	fg	3pt	ft	reb	pft	bik	all	ast	min
	avg	%	%	%	avg	dis	tot	tot	tot	pm
M. Haws	20.1	53.4	40.6	80.6	2.7	35/1	1	46	88	691
A. Toolson	18.6	49.8	49.5	72.6	6.7	45/1	5	16	53	680
S. Schreiner	10.5	56.0	0.0	68.9	5.1	66/4	9	10	19	536
K. Santiago	6.7	42.3	36.4	79.3	2.6	41/1	1	19	70	592
T. Crow	6.4	57.1	0.0	70.0	3.8	43/1	2	8	18	337
M. Durrant	4.9	49.2	0.0	77.8	5.0	52/2	1	7	33	453
M. Heslop	3.4	52.6	54.6	100	1.0	120	0	0	5	136
C. Davidson	3.0	66.7	0.0	33.3	1.5	20/0	0	0	8	2
S. Moon	2.6	57.1	50.0	100	1.0	7/0	0	2	7	58
P. Briggs	1.8	80.0	50.0	0.0	.2	1/0	0	0	1	12
J. Lloyd	1.5	75.0	0.0	.0	.8	3/2	0	1	20	4
T. Gentry	1.0	35.0	0.0	.57.1	.8	16/0	0	4	8	129
S. Andrus	1.0	41.7	0.0	25.0	1.5	12/0	1	1	2	77
D. Astle	.9	50.0	0.0	40.0	1.6	17/1	2	1	7	90
A. Fransom	.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0	0	3	6	2
BYU	74.1	51.0	44.5	72.6	32.4	353/2	112	411	143	19
Opponents	68.2	45.1	32.0	67.2	31.5	397/284	89	284	—	19

### EASTERN CONFERENCE

Atlantic	w	l	pct.	#2
New York	27	15	.643	—
Philadelphia	26	16	.619	1
Boston	25	16	.610	1.5
Washington	15	28	.349	12.5
New Jersey	12	29	.293	14.5
Miami	9	35	.205	19
Central	29	14	.674	—
Detroit	27			

# Olympic Consideration

by Grant Madsen

**W**here do you go to school?" "Brigham Young University...It's in Utah."

Just how many Cougars have had that experience is hard to say. But the truth is that few have heard of Utah outside of a "Mormon" context. This stigma may be revised if Salt Lake City can take advantage of a rare and lucrative opportunity: to be host city of the 1998 or 2002 Winter Olympics.

The official bid from Salt Lake for the 1998 Olympics will be considered this June in Birmingham, England, as the International Olympic Committee decides where the Winter Games should be held. Nagamu, Japan is the front-runner among the applicants. But to Salt Lake's advantage, it will also be the bidding city from the U.S. in 2002. And lucrative American television money (U.S. networks pay much more if the games are held in American time zones) are almost certain to land the Games in Salt Lake, if not in 1998, then in 2002.

The pros and cons of hosting the Winter Olympics have been a hotly contested topic in Salt Lake over the last few months. Those against the games have wondered if building the necessary sports facilities before getting the bid (as the IOC requires) makes good business sense. Others have claimed that the rapid growth in visibility and sudden influx of athletes and media might be too much for the city to handle. And another underlying, though rarely mentioned, issue is whether a very conservative Salt Lake City wants so many "outsiders."

But those that favor hosting the Games argue that the facilities are valuable whether or not Olympics are ever held in Salt Lake. Further, they say that Utah is ready to become a cosmopolitan city. This group's wish is to "put Salt Lake on the map;" to escape Utah's provincial, "Mormon," reputation.

For BYU students it could be a rare opportunity to be involved, first hand, with an Olympics. Part of the Games will perhaps be held in Utah Valley and use BYU facilities. Rare employment opportunities will exist as hundreds of guides, translators, and support personal will become necessary. Students, with flexible schedules and, especially, foreign language experience, could find employment with relative ease.

**B**UT PERHAPS THE greatest impact the Games would have goes beyond the effect on Salt Lake, or even Utah. The

capital of "Mormondom" would be broadcast via satellite to the entire world. To what extent the religion of Salt Lake permeates the Games is uncertain. However, seeing "normal" Mormons in their "native habitat" can only have a positive affect on the millions of people who have misconceptions about Mormons not using electricity, wearing nothing but black, and taking on several wives.

More importantly, watching the Olympics from Salt Lake may be the first "Mormon" contact many residents of the Soviet Union, China, and other nations have. There is at

least the potential that the Games will be a significant missionary milestone for the Church. The Olympics could become, in effect, a watered down "Homefront" commercial from the Church to the whole world.

"Where do you go to school?" "Brigham Young University...It's in Ut—" "Yea, I know where it is."

## Gold Over Steel

by G. Cornwall

**A** FEW DAYS BEFORE Super Bowl XXIV, some Steelers of the '70's were asked if they could beat the 49ers of today. They claimed that they would not only win the game, but dominate the 49ers. And strangely enough, some people believed them.

Sorry. There is no way those old Steelers teams could beat this year's 49ers. And there are some pretty basic reasons why not.

First, the players. The Steelers were steroids. The average offensive lineman for the Steelers weighed about 240, with guards Gerry Mullins and Dave Clark down to 220 by the Super Bowl time. Denver's safeties are close to that today. San Francisco's linemen are all over 270, with Bubba Paris at 295. S.F.'s defensive line is close to a 270 average, too. On average, today's 49ers outweigh the Steelers of the '70's by 20 pounds, and have at least as much speed.

Second, the coaches. Jack Ham, in an AP interview a week ago, said, "We didn't do anything fancy on defense. We just lined up

the same way all game and dared people to beat us." One more sorry for the Old-Steelers fans. There isn't a team alive that could use the same basic defensive set for even a quarter and survive against the 49ers. Their ability to prepare and adjust to different defenses is awesome. Just ask Minnesota. S.F. coaches George Seifert and Mike Holmgren adjusted an already excellent scoring machine into an offensive monster this year. In this year's playoffs, S.F. outscored their opponents 126-26. Pittsburgh never reached that level of domination. The 49ers prepared so well for their opponents that by halftime they had won each playoff game. No team can beat the 49ers with sheer athletic ability. Perhaps that explains Chuck Noll's relative difficulty in the '80's. Although he doesn't have the talent he used to, a big reason why he hasn't won like he used to is that he can't coach with his peers.

Third, the game. Football is not the same today as it was in the '70's. Winning four

Super Bowls in one decade is far tougher now. Today's NFL stresses parity-schedules include 16 games and pit the best teams against the best and the worst against the worst (which is one reason Pittsburgh eeked out enough wins to enter the playoffs this year). But most importantly, everything is more complex and specialized. A team cannot survive with a great starting line-up and a thin bench. San Francisco has a team equipped for the '80's, the old Steelers just couldn't compete.

The game of football is evolving, not devolving. Today's football players start at an earlier age and are better prepared when entering the pro level. This is not to say that the Steelers of old were not great. They just belonged to a different age. A Steel age. Unfortunately, this is the Golden age-49er gold, that is.

Grant Madsen actually wrote this piece, but he didn't want to appear conceited by having his name on the page twice.

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### January Program Grid

TIME:	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
6:30A	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	INFOTEXT	
9:00A	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	The New Literacy	
9:30A	Computerworks	Economics U.S.A.	Economics U.S.A.	Economics U.S.A.	Computerworks		
10:00A	Against All Odds	Against All Odds	Business of Management	Against All Odds	Against All Odds		
10:30A	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes	For all Practical Purposes		
11:00A	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law	Business and the Law		
11:30A	Focus on Society	Business of Management	Focus on Society	Business of Management	Focus on Society		
12:00P	Faces of Culture	The Business File	Faces of Culture	The Business File	Faces of Culture		
12:30P	American Adventure	American Adventure	American Adventure	Focus on Society	American Adventure		
1:00P	The Write Course	Write Course	The Write Course	Faces of Culture	Economics U.S.A.		
1:30P	Here's to your Health	Here's to your Health	Here's to your Health	Here's to your Health	Here's to your Health		
2:00P							
2:30P							
3:00P							
3:30P							
4:00P	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	NewsBeat	NewsBeat		
4:30P	modern TV	modern TV	modern TV	modern TV	modern TV		
5:00P							
5:30P	Evening Theater	Evening Theater	Evening Theater	Evening Theater	Evening Theater		
6:00P							
6:30P	Boke One	Healthy State	Boke One	Healthy State	Boke One		
7:00P	Cartoon	Talk is Cheap	Cartoon	Talk is Cheap	Cartoon		
7:30P	Utah Valley Community College	VISN	Utah Valley Community College	VISN	VISN		
8:00P	SportsTime	SportsTime	SportsTime				
8:30P	INFOTEXT UNTIL 8:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 8:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 8:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 8:00A	INFOTEXT UNTIL 8:00A		
9:00P							
9:30P							
10:00P							

 Cougar Cable Channel

Channel 8 on BYU campus, Channel 24 on TCI

# The Crocodile Is so very Clumsy upon the Land

by Brian Eugene Stanton

**W**HAT I AM about to relate is coming from the back bins of my memory, shoved there deliberately after we finally realized what a farce the whole thing turned out to be. It comes to me a bit cloudy, but as I write, the winds of concentration seem to clear the air, and I begin to see it now in living technicolor through cheap 3D glasses.

Brigham Young University, the Harris Fine Arts center, the lobby's north end, "The Slab"—a great horizontal monolith that was the theatre students' home ground. There we sat. We loved it when the lobby was clear. We would stare across to the south end, the "Music Slab," and the music students would stare back, and we would both wonder about each other. But once again the art department had entered in. Great carpet-covered blocks, on which they hung their latest works, were strewn about, hindering our view. And there before us, overlooking our slab,

they deposited a monster.

The monster was simply a green glazed fiberglass pipe about ten feet long with one end split open like a gaping mouth. This thing was propped up in a standing position by two sticks. The sticks, in turn, were braced with rocks.

We sat there day after day between classes pondering its existence. Obviously it was an abstraction. I believe that what bothers most people about abstract art is not that they don't understand it. I think people understand it better than they realize, but that they honestly think they could have done just as good a job as the artist when they were in the first grade, if they had not been told to quit messing around and do it right.

At first we looked on it as a novelty. It was a way of accepting its existence in our presence. The problem with novelties is that they grow old very quickly. And just like the rubber doggie doo-doo that you buy at the novelty store, two weeks

later we were wanting to get rid of it. We wanted to kick the props out from under it, make it look like an accident. That was too much of a risk in a lobby with two floors of balconies overlooking us. Someone was sure to be watching. Besides, it was built too sturdily, as if prepared to withstand such a beating. It seemed we would have to accept it on its own terms, as some kind of art piece.

In a half-hearted attempt to understand it, we applied Goethe's three famous questions of art analysis:

1. What is the artist trying to say?

We were stumped.

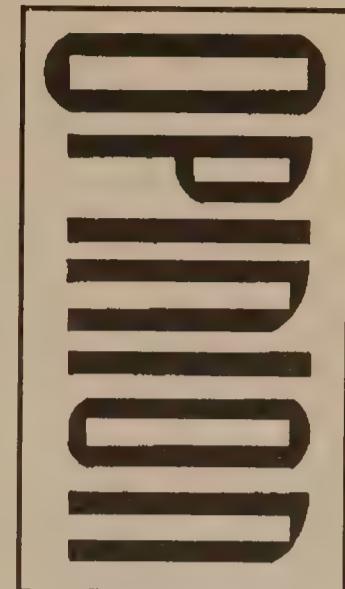
2. How well did he say it?

We couldn't answer that till number one was answered.

3. Was it worth saying?

We had to admit we were still drawing blanks.

*please see Crocodile  
on page 13*



## Provo had it all, or Provo: Love it and leave it.

by George Mark England

**I**BELIEVE THAT everyone, sooner or later, gets what they deserve. And Utah, particularly Provo, is getting its just deserts. Jobs and unlimited growth are what we have worked for and are the main argument against any form of self control in this city. In the process we have damaged one of the most beautiful places in the country.

"Provo," says their slogan, "has it all": a fresh water lake; clear air; a relatively stable, moral, social community; a stable economic, intellectual atmosphere at BYU; winter sports with a mild temperate climate; absolutely breathtaking scenery; and cool mountains in the summer. The only thing it doesn't have is a beach. But to be more accurate we should say Provo "had it all." One by one we have destroyed or neglected each of its prime assets.

Here are a few examples. We ruined a beautiful canyon because we are more concerned about getting to Heber ten minutes sooner and creating jobs to build the freeway. BYU has discarded its alma mater and a great historical edifice, Academy Square, in its quest to modernize. We had a chance to turn it into a library or civic center, but a certain city councilwoman had to have a new library in her voting district in a deserted part of downtown (which, by the way, is deserted because the busi-

nesses can't compete with all the new strip malls).

We refuse to limit someone's constitutional right to ride a motorcycle, so now the foothills of Y mountain are scarred and eroding. We have zoning laws, but every time someone wants to build a store or apartment building in a residential neighborhood, our incompetent city council changes the restrictions. Consequently, there are huge condos next to beautiful homes. Can anyone imagine the insane logic that went into the decision to build a huge power plant right in the middle of town? Can anyone tell me where downtown Provo is? Is it the University Parkway strip malls, Twelfth North, the Orem diagonal, Ninth east, East Bay, or Center Street? Or is it all of the stores in-between?

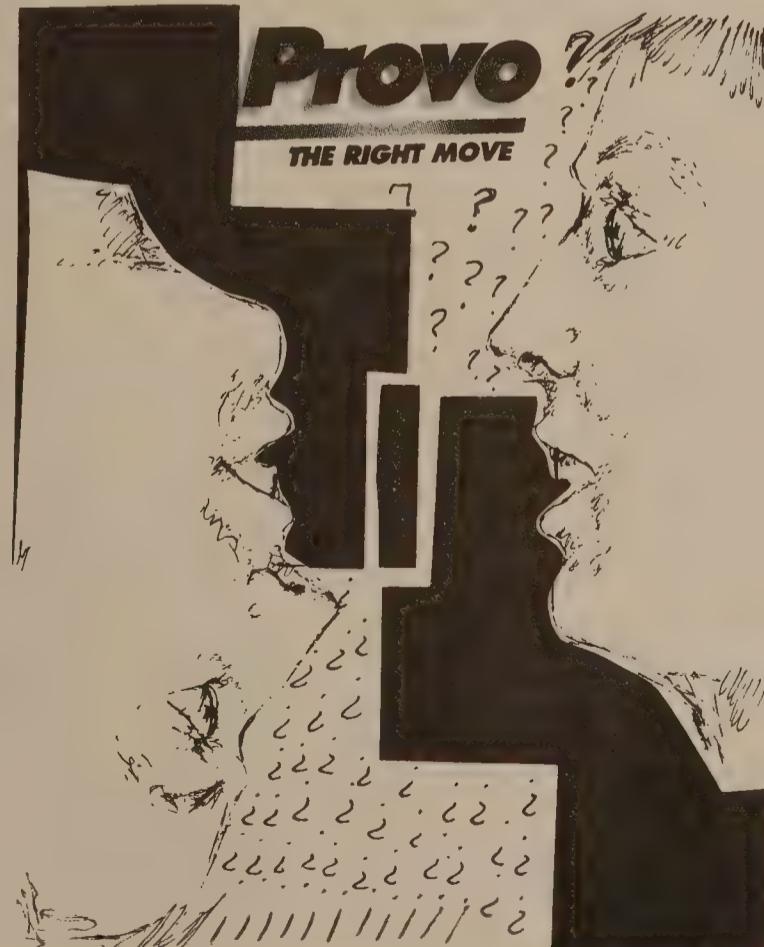
We can't fill any of the strip malls to capacity, but we continue to build more in an attempt to outstrip Orem. Apartments have a vacancy surplus, but I still see new ones built every year. We have polluted and abandoned one of the most beautiful lakes in the country. Our mountains have been stripped of much of the vegetation that used to grow there, but I guess that doesn't matter much because when you enter the valley you can hardly see them. One, because of the overabundance of hideously ugly billboards on the freeway and in the city which serve no proper

function because they don't actually increase the amount of business; and two, because of the pollution, mainly caused by Geneva. For a community which is zealous about keeping the Word of Wisdom for health reasons, especially when it comes to smoking, we are sinning simply by breathing. Nobody in their right mind seriously argues that smoking or pollution is not bad for you. Instead, the justification is that clean air is the price we pay for the jobs that Geneva provides.

Naturally, economic demands have us over a barrel because we all want heat, homes, cars, and jobs. We look at the pollution, billboards, strip malls, and fast food joints and congratulate ourselves because they are providing jobs so people can buy things and support all the businesses that keep failing in Provo. This is also the excuse people use to

justify insane, reckless, business expansion. But what good is a job if your health is gone? Why try to

*please see Provo  
on next page*



# Utah, a State of Contradiction

by Paul Kube

UTAH WAS AMONG the first states to pass an indoor clean air act prohibiting smoking in publicly owned buildings. It's ironic that Utah passed a progressive piece of legislation dealing with indoor clean air and is still extremely sluggish on effectively regulating the real problem of outdoor clean air. Maybe the legislature is forecasting a time when the only clean air we will breathe will be indoors.

Utah county is the fourth worst in the nation for air pollution. A person who lives in Orem their whole life has a one in ninety chance of getting respiratory cancer. The EPA states that any area with a cancer rate greater than one in one million is too high. Why does the Utah state legislature pass laws that regulate indoor clean air and not outdoor?

One of the most obvious answers is that industry provides jobs to constituents. But the same people who advocate not placing restrictions on Geneva give lip service to free market ideals. Presently, Geneva is not paying taxes in order to modernize their emissions. Their progress in this modernization is extremely slow. They are

operating an out of date, inefficient system. Geneva, if treated the same as any other business in the free market, would go out of business because of this inefficiency.

And whose jobs are we saving? Utah's number one industry is tourism. The black clouds of Geneva may destroy the economy of tourism. High tech companies like Novell and Word Perfect could decide to find other places with cleaner air in which to base their corporations. Other companies, including Boeing and IBM, considered the Provo area, but decided not to base themselves here because of the adverse living conditions. Will other companies want to base their

businesses here? Will people want to ski at the new ski area (Heritage Mountain), which is also environmentally questionable?

This brings up yet another con-

tradiction. Hewlett Packard and Kodak wanted to move to Provo in the early 1980s. The city council wasn't supportive because they were afraid the "eastern influence"

could be detrimental to the morals of the community. It is ironic that Provo houses the MTC, the headquarters for missionary training, and is afraid to face the "non-Mormon" challenge in its home town.

Another interesting Utah law concerns the sale of alcoholic beverages on Sunday. What are the benefits of this law? Should we have laws forbidding fornication on Sunday but allowing it any other day? Perhaps this law was intended to keep businesses closed on Sunday. Maybe State legislators thought that because Mormons supposedly do not shop on Sunday, the only other people who would shop are those who buy beer. Thus, by forbidding the

sale of alcohol, stores would have to close on Sunday from lack of business. But if this was their purpose, it didn't work. It seems that the state legislature and policy makers are more interested in enforcing and maintaining moral influence on the individual than in solving the real problems of the state.

Utah legislatures need to be more progressive in their legislation in areas other than the Word of Wisdom. We should not be persuaded by Geneva's publicity stunts such as sponsoring cultural events and flooding the community with two dollar bills and full page adds in the *Daily Universe*. We should not allow technological externalities to control our destinies for short range advantages and, in the process, destroy our long range economic goals. We need to remain consistent with our values of freedom and individuality. Do we believe in the free market enough to not publicly subsidize an inefficient, environmentally damaging business? Or will we maintain the status quo by not dealing with the more pressing issues?

*This is Paul's first contribution to the Review.*

## Provo from page 11

build a beautiful home environment when your city is a monument to poor zoning and crass commercialization? Why escape the congested city to encounter sprawling, congested, business sections in most of Provo?

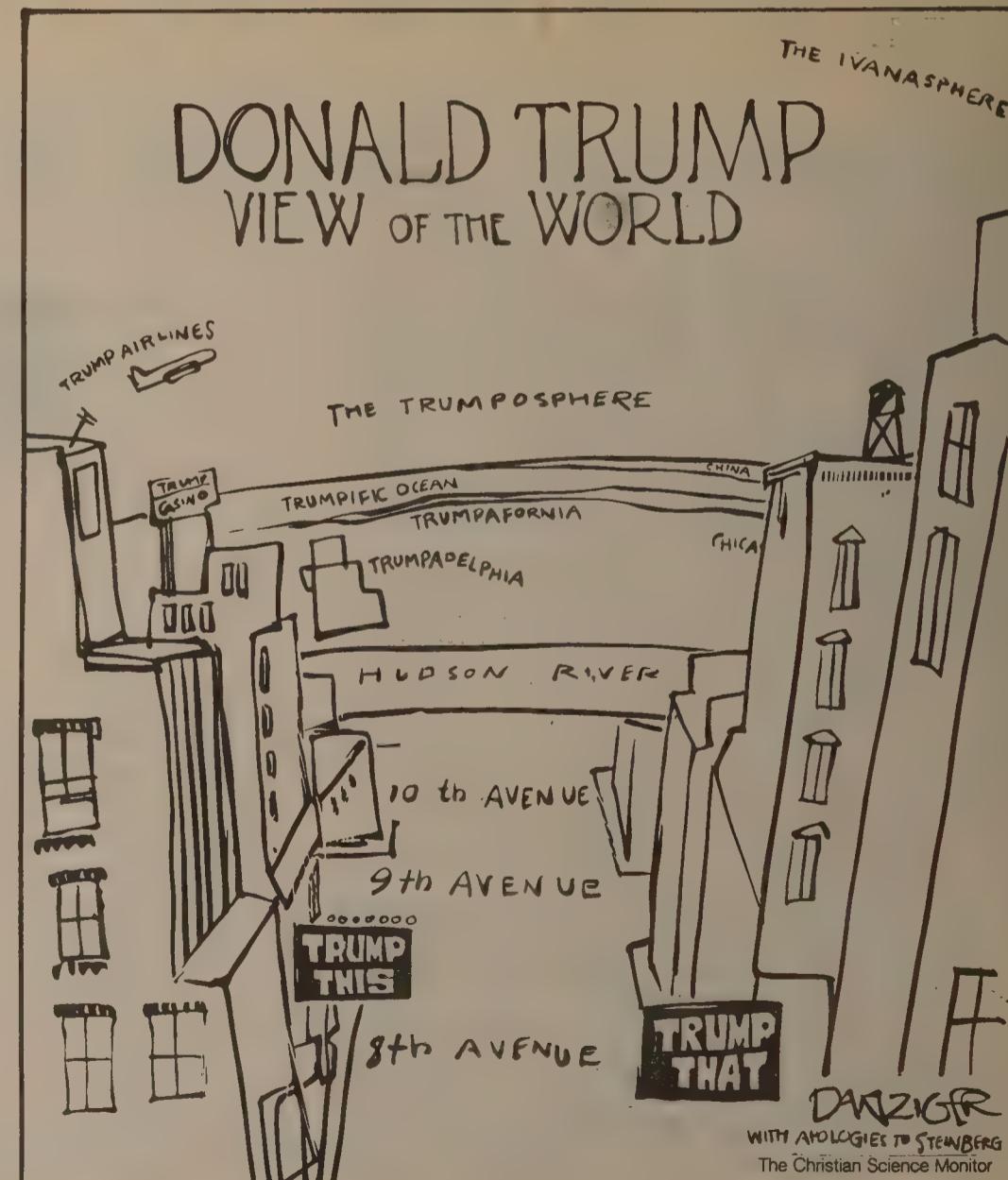
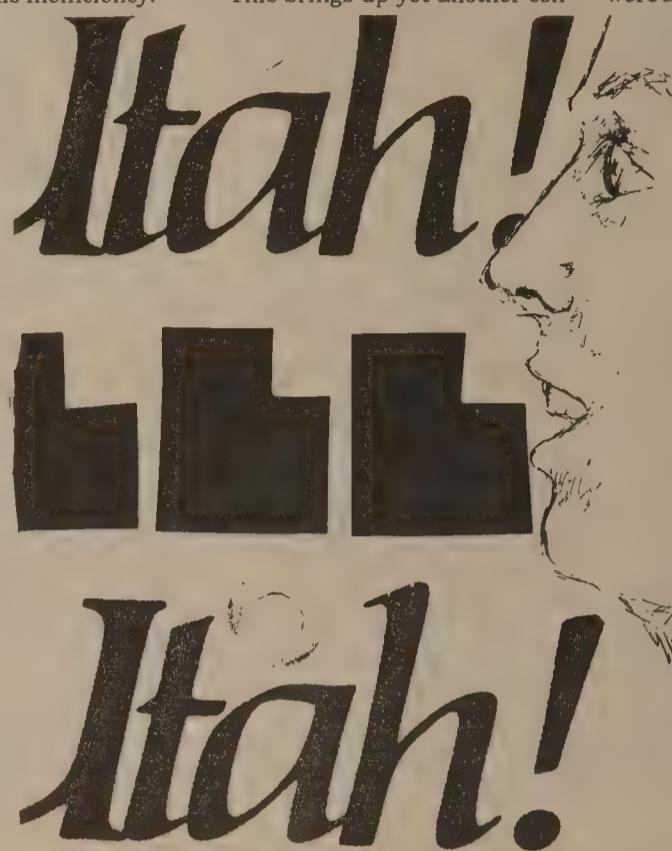
When people try to improve this environment they are either called outsiders and therefore have no rights, or intellectual snobs from BYU trying to tell *real* Utah Valley citizens what to do and how to live. I still hear people seriously discussing whether BYU is helping Utah and whether it belongs. On a purely economic basis it has provided the only non-cyclical economic base in the valley. Millions of dollars are brought in by students and faculty payroll (not to mention the relatively diverse cultural and intellectual environment). And when people finish insulting me like they did when I protested the Geneva sponsorship of the Freedom Festival, they tell me to leave if I don't like it.

Well, I have. I now live in Ogden where people can be just about as backward, mercenary, polluted, and environmentally ignorant as people often are in Utah Valley. The only difference is that Ogden doesn't have BYU to bail them out economically.

But leaving is not the answer to Provo's problems. Many people cannot leave or don't want to leave. How ironic that many "natives" are not as concerned about their state

as many "outsiders" are. I have spent more than half of my life here in Utah, so I feel I have a perspective on its problems, and a right and interest in its future, just like everyone else who has lived here for over six months and pays taxes. I happen to like this state. My ancestors grew up here. My heritage is here. Despite its drawbacks, I think this state has much to offer. I would like to make this place my home and preserve it for my children. I believe that God gave me and everyone who comes to this region a birthright or stewardship over this "choice land." But somewhere along the way we have forgotten our obligations and sold our birthright. We could blame a lot of this on our insane and inept city council and other political leaders. But we elected them. We are just as guilty.

As I sit on Squaw Peak and look down on the valley and the mess we have made, I can't help but think how we have damned ourselves and this valley because of our get-rich-quick, use it or lose it, divide and conquer, James Watt short term view of the world, thinking we will find new territory to ravage when we are through and that God will clean up after us. Unless we change that attitude soon, getting out might turn out to be the best thing to do. Until then, perhaps the best response would be to impeach a lot of officials, bulldoze over about 3/4 of Utah valley, and re-educate our children. Drastic, yes. But just think of all the jobs it would create.



## Crocodile from page 11

We were then overtaken by a spirit of mockery and began acting out a gross caricature of an art student, full of blind appreciation, doing an in-depth analysis. The idea behind this was the assumption that there are a lot of people in the world who think something is art just because someone else does. And if we acted like it was art, perhaps some steward would

happen by and really get into analyzing it too, and that would bring us a good laugh.

As we began, we quickly realized that none of us had really taken a close look at this piece. Engraved on a metal ring around the tube were the words, "The Crocodile Is so very Clumsy upon the Land"—the title of the sculpture. The entire tube was covered with a collage of faded pictures, clippings from newspapers, sketches apparently

made by the artist, and more ponderous inscriptions written in a rough hand that took some time to decipher, all sealed under a green tinted gloss. The props were also of curious workmanship, and the rocks that braced the props were not rocks at all, but sculptures themselves, one of which had a message upon it (which I can no longer remember) that had us thinking for a long time.

We clustered around it for about

a half-hour, marveling over what we had found, feeling ashamed that we had mocked it for so long when we could have been enjoying it. We re-applied Goethe's questions, and although we still couldn't come up with any answers, we had developed some appreciation and gained some respect for whatever it was.

❖ ❖ ❖  
A year later I was in a drawing

class discussing art analysis. A student mentioned that he had written an in-depth analysis of "The Crocodile Is so very Clumsy upon the Land." Afterward, he had met the artist and asked him what had inspired such a work. "Oh," the artist replied, "I just wanted to make something tall."

*This is Brian's first contribution to the Review.*

Mormons who are content with our secret theocracy, it probably never will.

*All statistics have been taken from Statistical Abstract of the United States 1989. Political information was taken from Professor David Magleby's 1989 study, "Religion and Voting Behavior Among Utah Mormons" and was used with permission of the author.*

## Utah from page 4

In 1987, 32% of Utah's population was under the age of 15 and 12% of the population was under the age of 5. This statistic should come as no surprise if you have ever visited sacrament meetings in the Wymount wards.

With an average of 3.19 persons per household, Utah led the nation in family size in 1987. Again, no surprises here.

Utah's marriage rate is 9.7 marriages per 1000 persons yearly. This figure ranks in the middle of the states. Utah's divorce rate, however, ranks 19th in the U.S. with 5.3 divorces per 1,000 persons yearly. Utah's higher-than-average divorce rate demonstrates that the Church's pro-family stance cannot reconcile all differences.

Only 9.3% of the births in 1986 were to teenage mothers, while 9.8% were to unmarried women. Utah ranks 41st in births to teenage mothers and 50th in births to unwed mothers. Mormonism's laws concerning chastity until marriage can be partially credited for the very low numbers of unwed and teenage mothers.

For every 1,000 live births in Utah in 1987, 116 abortions were performed. With 10% of all pregnancies ending in abortion, Utah had the lowest abortion rate in the nation. The Church's teaching that abortion is among the most grievous sins lowers public acceptance of abortion in Utah.

In 1986, the disposable per capita income in Utah was \$9,727. Utah ranked 48th here, ahead of only West Virginia and Mississippi. Lower average incomes divided by larger families equals this low per capita income. See Mosiah 4:19. Despite the seeming poverty, Utah ranks 49th in the percentage of its population receiving Social Security (10.4%) and 42nd in the percentage of its population receiving food stamps (5.1%). This can be attributed to the Church's well-developed welfare system.

Despite pronouncements from the pulpit that women should remain at home, in 1987, 59.9% of Utah's females participated in the work force. Utah ranked 12th among the states in the female employment rate.

In 1986, 96.5% of Utah's school age population (ages 5-17) was enrolled in school. Utah ranked second behind Alaska in percentage of children enrolled. The Church has emphasized education since Brigham Young's day, BYU itself being a symbol of this commitment to learning.

Yet, this emphasis has not been incorporated into the state budget as Utah ranked 49th out of the states in per student yearly expenditures on education. In 1988, \$2,658 was spent per student. Despite Brigham Young's encouragement, "Let good schools be established throughout all the settlements of the Saints in Utah," Utah legislators continue to choke off education funds.

Seventy-six percent of very active Mormons consider themselves Republicans. According to a recent study by BYU political science professor David Magleby, "Religion and Voting Behavior Among Utah Mormons," Mormonism has almost been directly tied with Republicanism. Ever since the Church endorsed Republican Alf Landon for president in 1936 and has since supported conservative ideologies, Republican politicians have enjoyed a close kinship with Mormon voters. In recent years, President Benson has greatly influenced the conservative swing of the Church. Magleby's report asserted that "Benson used his position (as Secretary of Agriculture in the Eisenhower Administration) to equate Mormonism with Republicanism."

This conservative sentiment is evident in the results of 1988 election exit polls conducted for Magleby's study. "Among very active Mormon voters between 18 and 24 years of age, Republicans outnumber Democrats by a margin of eight to one," the polls found.

The Republican-Mormon connection has been in force in recent elections. Magleby points out that "Utah's governor, congressman, senators, and 90% of the state legislators are Mormon." In the results of the 1988 presidential race, 67% of Utahns voted for Bush, forming the largest majority for him in any state.

Mormon influence plays a dominant role in Utah partisan politics and in many attitudes towards the family. Separation of the Church and the state of affairs in Utah does not exist. To the delight of many

## Pilgrimage from page 3

Saviors on Mount Zion. But it was all talk. I stopped going to church so that I could see things more clearly, away from the confusion. The results of my "inactivity" were a clear result of what had been building up inside of me. Those with whom I'd become comfortable at church and school were suddenly uncomfortable around me. I immediately saw that others became concerned about my salvation. Though the life I was living was unchanged except for the fact that I didn't go to church every Sunday, I was unexpectedly perceived as a wayward person. Eventually, I was excluded from their activities, from their friendship. I endured it, finished the school year, and got on the bus to go home.

It wasn't until Sunday that I saw Dallin again. It had been an entire year. I walked into church late. Dallin was giving a talk. I sat down in the back; he hadn't seen me come in. As I listened to his words, my heart was torn inside of me. His presence was a horrible summary of my experience at school. He spoke, not to help others see, not to explore the depths of his own soul, but to please the crowd. He wanted them to tell him how good he was, how spiritual he'd become. He had betrayed our trust, he had lost his vision. As he spoke, I remembered a phrase I'd heard:

High up on a hillside,  
A preacher tells a story to the crowd,

He tells the same old story,  
A thousand times he's told that story aloud,

He says he has the answers  
But his words are only answers to nothing.

Answers to nothing.  
I stood up and walked out of the church.

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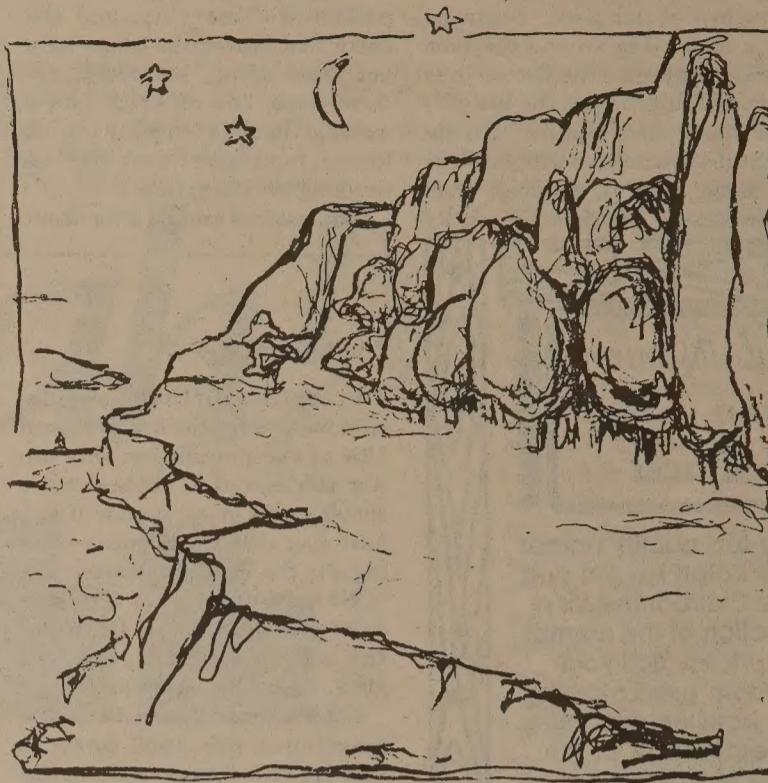
# Greasewood Gully

by Edward A. Geary,  
BYU English Faculty

Since Mosiah Klackson retired from the Fish and Game, the Greasewood Gully Historical and Horticultural Society has taken a new lease on life. With the help of Nellydeane Wooley and Velma Bitterbush, who does the typing, Mosiah has been trying to penetrate the obscurity that surrounds the origins of this picturesque little town in the heart of Utah.

It's not that Greasewood Gully is so very old. Everybody over the age of fifty can remember Ephraim Axelboldt, who was one of the original settlers. Eph was always eager to talk about the founding of the town. That's one reason why our history is so obscure. He had a vivid memory and claimed he could recall everything that had happened since he was three months old (which was when—according to one version of the story—he had fallen out of a wagon while crossing Wyoming and been nursed by a coyote for a week, or—in another version—had been stolen by Indians who led a rescue party on a chase across three territories before he was recovered). The trouble was that he never told the same story twice. So it has remained uncertain, for example, whether the original settlers came from Nephi, Lehi, and Moroni, which were the mother communities when Eph was reminiscing in a scriptural mood, or from Parowan, Paragonah, and Panguitch, as he insisted in his more aboriginal moments.

He was equally inconsistent as to the date of the founding, sometimes claiming it occurred in 1857, as part of the great relocation that attended the entry of Johnston's Army into Utah, and at other times



putting it more than twenty years later, during the polygamy persecutions. As a result, the town had to go to the trouble and expense of staging two centennial celebrations.

In view of these historical uncertainties, it is not surprising that Mosiah Klackson's research has been a popular conversational topic among the women of the Sew and Tell Club and the civic-minded men who hold up the south wall of the post office on sunny days.

Mosiah's biggest discovery so far has been the actual settlement call issued by Brigham Young, which, together with the relevant passages from the journal of the clerk who recorded the document, has thrown a good deal of new light on the origins of Greasewood Gully. It turns out that the town was settled

neither in 1857 nor 1880, but in 1874, the year of the great earwig plague that destroyed the bullberry crop. Most of the colonizers came from Levan and Scipio, which were evidently suffering from overpopulation at the time as well as being heavily dependent on the bullberry harvest.

The desirable places for settlements in Utah were just about all used up by 1874, and there is some evidence that President Young intended to call the settlers to the upper Snake River Valley, or perhaps to the Little Colorado. They were sent to Greasewood Valley because of a misunderstanding on the part of the clerk. It seems that Brigham Young was confined to his bed with an intestinal ailment, and just at the point when he was ready to specify the location of the new

settlement, he called out with some urgency for the chamber pot. Then, as he settled back onto the bed, he commanded, "Fix the pillows."

The clerk, who had only recently arrived in Utah from South Wales, carefully recorded these instructions along with the others, except that instead of "fix the pillows" he wrote, "twixt the willows." A search of territorial maps showed that the only place in Utah that seemed to fit President Young's specifications was Greasewood Gully, which lies in the shadow of Chamber Pot Hill, about midway between Willow Bend and Black Willow Slough. There was some concern about the lack of a dependable water supply, but on the other hand the soil wasn't very good either, so they hoped those two factors might cancel each other out.

Uncertainty remains about the origin of the oldest surviving name in the area, Chamber Pot Hill. Some researchers believe the name was bestowed by members of the Dominguez-Escalante expedition in 1776, who evidently passed through the region during a rare wet season. There are reports of a partially blotted-out passage in Father Escalante's journal referring to the area as the "orinal del cielo," or the chamber pot of heaven.

Other historians insist the name originated later, when several members of the 1846 Donner Party made a wrong turn and wandered south into Greasewood Valley, where they were compelled to lighten their wagons by disposing of everything not absolutely necessary, including a porcelain thunder-mug found by later explorers, still in working condition, at the base of the hill.

The new colony was placed un-

please see Gully on next page

## Brushes With Fame

My name is Eric...

- I used to work at the print shop where Bill Keane brought his Family Circus comics to make prints for the syndicator.
- I once blessed the sacrament for Marie Osmond.
- I saw Mark Gastineau and Brigitte Nielsen at the Phoenix airport.
- I ate lunch in Las Vegas at the same table as Grizzly Adams.
- I know Alfred who was a prince in Ghana before he became a refugee.
- I have a friend from Jordan who has a watch that was given to him by King Hussein.
- My roommate rode a chairlift with Goldie Hawn at Sundance.
- My fiancee is a direct descendant of Joseph Smith's grandpa.
- When my mom was a stewardess, Frank Sinatra told her she had nice legs.
- My mom dated some hot-shot Spanish tennis player who played every morning with Charlton Heston.
- Weird Al Yankovich's dad was in my dad's Air Force pilot training class.
- My mission president was companions with Mark Hoffman's dad.
- I had a mission companion whose uncle helped Jim Morrison fix his corvette.
- This same companion's mom was Lindsey (the Bionic Woman) Wagner's best friend.
- An elder on my mission was best friends with the guy who was AP to the guy that baptized Ozzy Osbourne's guitarist.
- Another elder in my mission used to date Dana Plato who was Kimberly on *Different Strokes*.

We know it happens to you, too. Don't be shy. Don't be humble. Send us your Brushes With Fame!  
Attn: Arts and Leisure, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, Utah 84602.

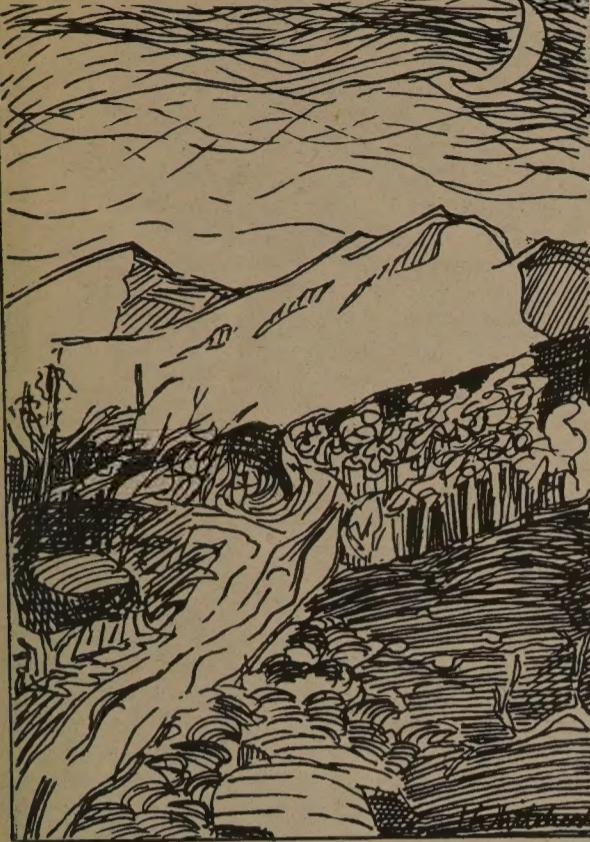
## So You Like to Write?

The Utah Arts Council is sponsoring the thirty-second annual Utah Original Writing Competition. The competition includes seven classes: novel, nonfiction book, book-length poem collection, juvenile book, poetry, short story and personal essay, with first and second prizes ranging from \$200 to \$1000. Also a special publication prize of \$5000 is given for one of the book-length winners, to help toward publication of a winning entry.

The contest is open to legal residents of Utah. All entries must be received by the Utah Arts Council by 4:00 p.m., 16 February. Rules and information are available from Edward Geary, chair of the competition and member of BYU's English faculty.

Also, don't forget the English Department writing contests. Details available at the English Department Office, 3146JKHB. Entries are due 15 February 1990 by 5:00 in the office. Write.

# Transition from Day to Night



by Scott Abbott, Germanic and Slavic Languages Department

Sitting alone on a sandstone boulder under the towering cliffs called "Watchman," at Zion National Park, Utah, 10 June 1989.

In the last sunlight the sandstone cliffs above me flush vermillion, maroon, magenta, rust. The colors are already leaching out of the cliffs on the other, west side of the canyon. Bright, white wisps of cloud. A half moon: cold, white, sharply defined, quiet, passive. Unlike the aggressive red sun.

The last time the moon was in this phase I stood with a Yugoslavian/German writer, Zarko Radakovic, on a moonlit mountain lake shore in Bohinj, Slovenia. Awed by the dark reflection in the still lake, excited to be away from our routines, we reflected on standing, on stasis, and on being. *Dastehen. Dasein.* Standing as a created moment of transition, the place between one movement and the next. The brief moment when the moon floats free, full or new, neither waxing nor waning. The brilliant, fleeting, satisfying interstice. *Zwischenraum.*

Chattering, darting swallows hunt high-flying insects. Much higher, two tiny military jets turn silently to the southeast. Suddenly, briefly, their skins flash bright silver, mirroring the ball of flames below the horizon. Each jet traces a double vapor trail, white against the fading blue of the sky.

Below me, Maren, Joseph, Nathan, and Thomas play catch with a football. Happy, nonreflective, simple play. A herd of six deer feeds along the road, slowly pursued by a boy in blue who wants to feed them. A woman with a camera stalks them more deviously, and the deer keep the same distance from both. A seventh deer, a buck, stands aside, his antlers covered with velvet.

In the trees above me, red-throated birds converse or exult or play or dispute or warn one another. To my ears the foreign tongue has no content, but is the purely formal language of music. Like Zarko's Serbo-Croatian.

For hours Susan and the babies have been playing in the cool eddies of the Virgin River.

The moon is brighter now. The vapor trails pink. Bats have joined the swallows in their hunt for insects. The black and brown mammals flutter and jerk

through the sky, tracing ragged lines. The swallows wheel and sweep and dart. Smooth lines.

A cool breeze springs up. Two more deer wander by. The moon has a bright, clear, sharp, curved right edge and a much rougher, vaguer, flat left edge.

There have been insects sounding all day, but now, in the growing dark, as the colors fall silent, the chirpings and high hummings and buzzings and raspings are more insistent.

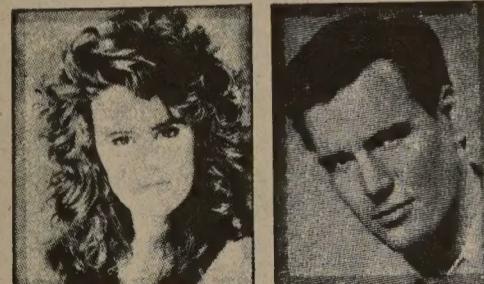
The vapor trails and balls of clouds have turned grey. Colors below are coalescing into blackness. A stubby bat skims my forehead. The deer are just shapes now, visible only when they move. Two of them race by just below, their quick, thrusting sounds more visible than their shapes.

The children and Susan return from their games. I can sense their dark forms trailing in pairs across the field and hear them talk cheerfully about dinner as they climb the bank.

A single cricket sounds loudly, incessantly. Like a dry quill on rough paper.

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**Gully from previous page**  
der the direction of Bishop Ahab Bitterbush, whose pioneering experience included the settlements of Scutumpah, Hebron, and Tonaquins, all now defunct. Bishop Bitterbush figured that Greasewood Gully was his last chance, and he was determined to do it right. The settlement call speaks of "establishing a City of Zion," and the bishop interpreted that to mean the town should be one mile square, like the original City of Zion in Jackson County, Missouri. This presented some difficulties, since the gully is pretty narrow. But Bishop Bitterbush did not let a little thing like the lay of the land stand in his way. He planted the townsite smack dab across the gully and up the slope on both sides. This made it hard for the families who drew the hillside lots to build their houses and barns, and still causes some stress to the milk cows, which sometimes fall off their pastures. The streets run straight up the hills, making absolutely no compromise with contour. The last bit of snow makes them completely impassable, and there have been cases where families almost starved to death within sight of the grocery store, which lay

in the bottom of the gully only a stone's throw away but as far out of reach as if it had been on the moon.

The other main problem with the layout of the town is that those who live in the bottom of the gully are in danger of flooding whenever it rains upstream. Fortunately, it doesn't rain very often, and when it does the gully flows more mud than water, so the more optimistic citizens figure that gradually the low places will be built up and the high places worn down until the town will be as beautifully square and level in reality as it looks on a map.

No true-born Greasewood Gullyite thinks less of the old home town for these little inconveniences. Mosiah Klackson is convinced that the errors in the settlement call were providential. If the site had been passed over earlier, he claims, it was only because the exploring parties lacked vision. If they had once climbed to the top of Chamber Pot Hill and watched the sun set on the alkali flats, or breathed the fragrance of the shadscale meadows at dawn, they would have said—as any Shadscale Gullyite would say, if you asked him, "This here's the place, you bet."

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# the CALENDAR

## Theatre Guide

Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, Tickets: \$9.00-27.00, \$5 student, 533-6407  
 Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 South, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494 or 533-5555 (for Ballet West)  
 Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC, Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000  
 Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Ave., Provo, Tickets: 377-6905  
 The Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC, Tickets: 363-0525  
 Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$4.00-7.00, 484-9257  
 Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, Tickets: \$10.00-18.00, 581-6961  
 The Babcock Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, Tickets: Fri. & Sat. \$6.00, other nights \$5.00, \$3.50 w/I.D., 581-6961  
 The Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, Tickets: 649-9371

## Music:

Utah Symphony, featuring pianist Veronica Jochum, Brahms, Schumann, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$7.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

Student Recital: Tebecca Maughan, flute, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m.

## Sports:

BYU Basketball vs. San Diego State, Marriott Center, 7:35 p.m.

## Friday, February 2

### Theatre:

"The Winter's Tale," Pardoe Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D.  
 "Cubits," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D.  
 "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," Babcock Theatre, 8:00 p.m., 581-6961  
 "You Can't Take It With You," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
 "Women and Wallace," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m., Tickets & info: 363-0525  
 "Murder at the Vicarage," City Rep, 2:00 p.m.

### Music:

Winter Choirfest, featuring BYU Combined Choirs, Provo Tabernacle, 50 S. University, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

Utah Symphony, Brahms, Schumann, and Schumann, piano soloist Veronica Jochum, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-27.00, \$5.00 w/I.D., 533-6407  
 Student Recital: Rebecca Hainesworth, piano, Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m., Free!

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT  
 "A Day Canal with the Emperor of China," 3:15 & 8:30 p.m.  
 "People Between Two Chinas," 4:15 p.m.  
 "Peking Opera Blues," 6:30 p.m.

### T.V.:

"Monet: Legacy of Light," Channel 7, 9:30 p.m.  
**Miscellaneous:**

The Center for Studies of the Family at BYU will sponsor the first conference on Issues of Work and Family, 10:00 a.m.-3:00

## Wednesday, January 31

### Theatre:

"The Winter's Tale," Pardoe Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D.  
 "You Can't Take It With You," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
 "Women and Wallace," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m., Tickets & info: 363-0525

### Music:

Kalichstein, Laredo, Robinson Trio, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$7.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT  
 "A Day Canal with the Emperor of China," 3:15 & 8:30 p.m.  
 "People Between Two Chinas," 4:15 p.m.  
 "Peking Opera Blues," 6:30 p.m.

## Thursday, February 1

### Theatre:

"The Winter's Tale," Pardoe Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D.  
 "Cubits," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D.  
 "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," Babcock Theatre, 581-6961  
 "You Can't Take It With You," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.  
 "Women and Wallace," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 7:30 p.m., Tickets & info: 363-0525

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT  
 "People Between Two Chinas," 3:15 p.m.  
 "Peking Opera Blues," 5:30 & 8:30 p.m.  
 "Day on the Grand Canal," 7:30 p.m.

### Book of Mormon Symposium

Leading scriptorians will elaborate on a topic from the Book of Mosiah. Friday, February 2: Sessions will run concurrently from 7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

Saturday, February 3: Sessions will run from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. Complete schedules available at the Information desk in the ELWC, or from the Religious Studies Center at 378-2706

p.m., Harmon Conference Center Auditorium, Info: 378-2948

## Saturday, February 3

### Theatre:

"The Winter's Tale," Pardoe Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D.  
 "Cubits," Margetts Arena Theatre, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00 w/I.D.  
 "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," Babcock Theatre, 2:00 & 8:00 p.m., 581-6961

"You Can't Take It With You," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Women and Wallace," The Salt Lake Acting Company, 8:00 p.m., Tickets & info: 363-0525

"The Masque of Beauty and the Beast," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

### Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT  
 "Day on the Grand Canal," 3:00 p.m.  
 "Peking Opera Blues," 4:00 & 8:15 p.m.  
 "People Between two Chinas," 6:00 p.m.  
 Film Society, 321 ELWC  
 Tickets: \$1.00, Varsity box office  
 "Double Indemnity," 7:30 & 10:00 p.m.

## Art Box

Lee Library, "Revolution In Print, France, 1789," until Feb. 28; included 18th C. engravings, pamphlets, newspapers, paper money, posters, song sheets, maps, etc.; north foyer on the main level, free to the public

The Loge Gallery, Pioneer Mem. Theatre, U of U

Pierpont Gallery (156 W. Pierpont Ave., 363-4141)

Hanson Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC

Springville Museum of Art, 126 E. 4th S., Springville, Tues.-Sat.

## Film Box:

Varsity 1:  
 378-3311, 4:30, 7:00, 9:30 p.m., \$1.00  
 Jan. 10-Feb. 1 "Dream a Little Dream"  
 Feb. 2-8 "Lawrence of Arabia"  
 Varsity II:  
 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.  
 Feb. 2-5 "Sleeping Beauty"  
 Feb. 9-12 "Somewhere in Time"  
 Late Night Flicks:  
 Feb. 2 "Armed and Dangerous"  
 Feb. 9 "Young Sherlock Holmes"

Scera Theater:  
 745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560

"The Little Mermaid," 6:30 & 8:30 p.m., Tickets: \$5.00

Cinema in Your Face:  
 45 W. 300 S., SLC, 364-3647

Blue Mouse Theater:  
 260 E. 100 S. SLC, 364-3471

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Pioneer Twin Drive-In: 374-0521

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Carillon Square Theatres: 224-5112

## Monday, February 5

### Theatre:

"Murder at the Vicarage," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

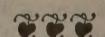
"You Can't Take It With You," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

### T.V.:

"In the Shadow of Vesuvius," a National Geographic Special—a fascinating exploration of current scientific knowledge about Vesuvius' most famous Rep, 2:00 p.m.

### Music:

Patricia McCartery, guest violinist, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444



*Do you want your event featured in the Calendar?*

*Call Laura with your information & compliments at 374-6263*

*(no complaints, please)*

## Sunday, February 4

### 18 Stake Fireside:

Elder Neil A. Maxwell, "The Children of Christ," Marriott Center, 7:30 p.m.  
 Fireside rebroadcast Feb. 11, 11:00 a.m. & 5:00 p.m., KBYU-TV